



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 26 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—38 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 13, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 2c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 598

Things in General.

NOTICES from the City Hall informing us that our taxes are due and payable either in a lump sum or in instalments, will soon begin to arrive. I made solemn vows last year that I would not pay my taxes again without explicit information with regard to the numerous local improvement items which annually adorn my tax paper. I still hold that every taxpayer has a right to find on his tax paper the date when he began paying for the sewer, sidewalk, or pavement, or all of them, for which he is assessed. As I happen to live on a corner I have quite an array of these little things to settle; and to point the moral and adorn the tale, I last year reproduced a facsimile of a little bunch of figures from my tax paper which is supposed to convince me that I owe for various street improvements, some of which appear to me to have been running from a period anterior to which the memory of man runneth not. I contended then, and have found no reason to change my contention since, that I should be informed when each one of these things began to be as intimately connected with my housekeeping as my coal and milk bills. Those rendering me accounts for the necessities of life, or such goods as have been purchased by or for me, are expected to take the pains to state when the bill was incurred, and in giving me a receipt to specify what balance, if any, is due. It is time that the city accountant rendered to taxpayers an itemized bill which may be preserved for the purpose of future reference. Properties have changed hands so frequently, and some of the improvements were constructed so long ago, that everyone should know just how much has been paid and how much remains to be paid with regard to each sidewalk, sewer, or pavement. As the city offices are about to be moved, this should be made a jubilee year to the extent of an itemized account. Here is the facsimile I presented last year:

Local Improvement Rates—

From Wednesday, the 1st of October, to Monday, the 10th of October, both days inclusive (Sunday excepted):	\$	cts.
Sewer	6	34
Roadway	2	54
Sidewalk	2	54
Grading, Widening, Street Extension, &c.	4	80
Snow Cleaning		

Many of the pavements and sidewalks of Toronto are in a scandalous condition. The most strenuous efforts are made to obtain sufficiently signed petitions for local improvements, but the people do not know where they "are at" with regard to the worn-out "improvements," and can rarely be induced to enter into a new project. No doubt if they were accurately informed as to the almost immediate expiry of the taxes for the old sidewalks or pavements, they would be much better disposed towards new ones. Not one taxpayer in fifty knows whether the sewer, sidewalk or pavement for which he is being taxed, was built on a ten, fifteen or twenty year plan. Not one in a hundred has preserved the date of his first payment, or can tell when his last payment will be due. How can we expect men who have such vague ideas of what they owe, to be willing to incur new obligations? Surely the old pavements and sidewalks have lasted, in good and bad repair, for nearly the length of time covered by the assessments. Can it be that the City Hall authorities are ashamed to give the details of their transactions? Is it possible that anyone imagines that ignorance with regard to the expected duration of public improvements will assist the bearers of petitions to obtain signatures asking for the replacement of worn-out streets? Let us have an honest and candid accounting for everything we have had and for which we are paying. The truth will hurt nobody, and every taxpayer will be able to act more intelligently, and probably more progressively, if he knows what his present liabilities are.

Moreover, the present way of running accounts is liable to extraordinary abuses. The taxpayer who had a pavement put down on the ten year plan and has paid for it, may, by accident or design, be still paying as if it were a fifteen or twenty year contract. Of course it would require a collusion of officials in the City Hall to work such a scheme on the taxpayer, but such things have happened, not only in public, but in private, affairs, and the tax bill itself should be an effectual check. It is said that each taxpayer can go to the City Hall and verify his tax paper. There must be some twenty or thirty thousand taxpayers in Toronto, and if they all followed a business method of looking into their accounts, the collector's office would be jammed from now until Christmas. The time each man would waste would aggregate an enormous amount, and the additional clerks required would be vastly in excess of those necessary to make out a detailed statement upon each tax paper. It is idle to urge that every man should keep his original local improvement account. Properties have changed hands too frequently to make this sort of thing practicable. The majority of taxpayers are not business men and do not keep letter files or books to which they can refer. It is the city's business to take care of those details and annually present the taxpayer with an itemized account. Last year Assessment Commissioner Fleming told me that he was in favor of this method; let us insist upon it being adopted. What is wanted is this: The date when the public improvement was constructed; the number of years for which the property was to be assessed for the payment of the cost; the amount per annum; the number of years this amount has been paid; the number of years which remain to be paid. Every citizen who receives a tax bill without these details should send it back and ask for the items. If this is done, even to a limited extent, we shall soon have a businesslike statement sent to us.

HAVE often had occasion to remark that religion, red hair and politics are hereditary. It is seldom, however, that any one of these separates itself from surrounding circumstances and endeavors to stalk into public notice as a thing which, apart from endeavor, public opinion or constitutional right, demands recognition by and for itself. A man who took the ground that because he had red hair he should be represented in the Cabinet, and that all red-haired people were derelict in their duty if they did not insist upon a properly selected red-haired statesman, would be considered an urgent candidate for the insane asylum. If the red-headed men of this country have a parliament anywhere, or if the bald-headed men have a senate, or if the cross-eyed men have a convention, the general public will not quarrel with them when they elect their delegates, nor will outsiders endeavor to intrude themselves upon their deliberations. When the religious people have their synods, presbyteries, conventions, or other reunions of those entreating a particular belief, politicians do not hasten to openly introduce themselves as an element in all the domestic controversies which people of a uniform religious belief still find liable to demand attention.

In politics, we elect the people that either suit us or are less objectionable than anybody else. We are not in the habit of asking them what they believe with regard to some religious creed, nor do we go on the principle that a red-haired man is the only one who can represent red-haired people, or that a man with black hair is an intrusion and a fraud if he offers to sit in parliament for a constituency that is distinctly blond. Ye gods, think of such a situation!

Our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, however, are either being misrepresented or made the butt of a few designing office-hunters, or they are possessed by a notion which they ought to drop. In the Separate school matters of Ontario, and the Reme-

dial Bill as it affected Manitoba and the Dominion, and in everything concerning religion in politics, I have been, and am, unalterably opposed to the introduction of religious tenets into politics. To me it seems inexcusable for a man to parade that sacred thing which represents his connection with his Maker; to use as an asset that thing which implies his hope of salvation, or to spread before the uncleanliness of politics, with a hope of preferment, the incense which he should offer to God. I am firmly convinced that men who do this sort of thing have lost all the faith and comfort of their religion; and while they destroy politics, inasmuch as they parade before men who are not religious, that essence or supposed good of their nature which should be given up in prayer or sacrifice to God, they are shamming and make others ashamed who are sincere. The most terrible episodes in human history have been those occasioned by the degradation of religion, and the fanaticism inspired in the ignorant by those self-seeking few who have sought to obtain preferment by trailing in the filth of politics that which their fathers and mothers taught them for their souls' salvation and not to obtain cheap jobs.

Either the Roman Catholic people of this province are being misled by designing men whose sinister methods must lead them and those who follow them into the abasement which a juncture of politics and religion always brings to the truly religious, or else they are possessed of a wrong idea of which they should be immediately disabused. A set of self-appointed and self-assertive

Premier, who is also a French-Canadian. In Dominion politics I am proud to support him and to be considered, even in a remote sense, his friend and one who can be relied upon to help him. A more perfect gentleman cannot be found in the Dominion of Canada than the leader of the Dominion Government, but I must admit, and thousands of his friends must admit, that if the presence of a Roman Catholic Premier is to be the excuse for Roman Catholics to make a raid upon either the Federal or the Provincial Government, with the avowed purpose of demanding the right to appoint or the right to select Ministers of their own sect, I am absolutely on the other tack.

I do not believe that it is the accident of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Catholicism that has led to this demand; on the contrary, I believe that as a Roman Catholic and a French-Canadian he has been harder to move by the selfish appeals of his Church and his party than a Protestant would have been, and that for this reason ambitious and unscrupulous Roman Catholics have taken it upon themselves to do what no one with any sense would have dared to do, and which nothing but the necessities of their personal politics would have inclined them to do, had we had a Protestant Premier in the Dominion, or a Premier in Ontario whose Protestantism and principles generally were not so flabby as to make him an easy mark for those who shout and present a bold front. There is nothing left for us but to watch the result of this preposterous presumption. If the thing works, as its promoters believe it will work, then resistance must begin. If the

for the Canadian people when the petition is herewith presented, that this sort of thing be stopped.

THE Itch which seems to possess a certain sect of politicians to bring Newfoundland into Confederation, is extraordinary. As far as we can judge from this distance, Newfoundland has just parted with all the franchises and public lands and desirable things which would make it much of an asset if added to Canada. I speak with a knowledge of what the Dominion Government believes in this matter when I say that until the French shore question is settled, Newfoundland is an impossible proposition. We have had all the French questions necessary to settle the stomach of this country; now we are at peace, and we are not liable to import a new source of disturbance. The Reid Syndicate has obtained about all there is of Newfoundland that is available; and like the British Columbia Government with its Crow's Nest Pass and the coal lands generally, Newfoundland, having traded off its jackknife, is willing to talk business when it cannot be the loser. Those who are eager to round off Confederation by adding the new province should take considerable pains in figuring up the proposition before entertaining it.

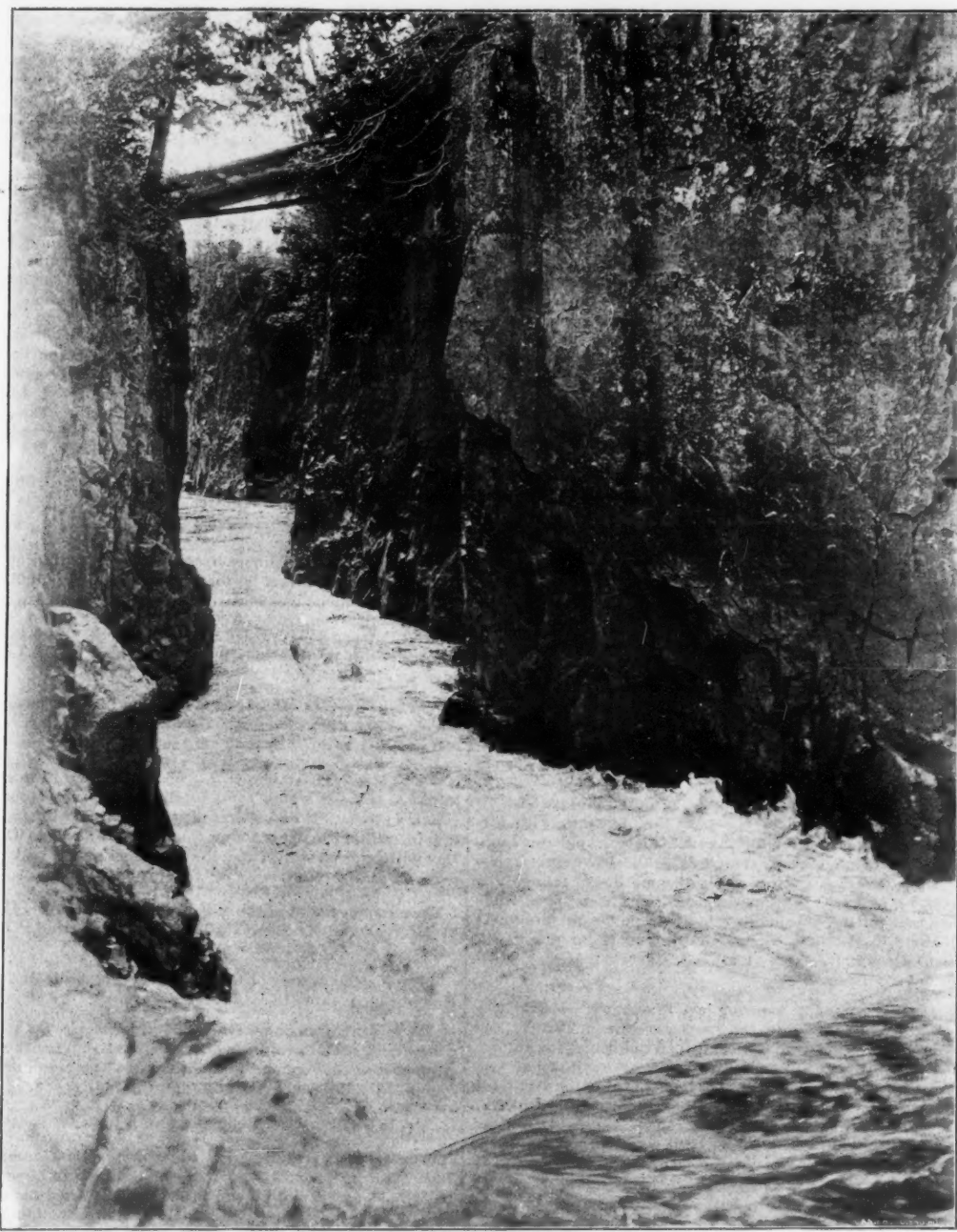
THE Opposition in the Federal Parliament has shown itself to be as clumsy and tactless as a turtle, and it is to be feared that not only are they a long way from recovering possession of the Treasury benches, but they are almost valueless as critics of the Government. So far during the present Parliament the Opposition has first favored and then opposed the policy of granting public money to private concerns for the building of railways. They are evidently willing at any stage of the game to throw up both hands and help the railroads rob the country if at the same time they benefit themselves. They are also willing to criticize the details of any grant given to any railroad, not as those having a policy of a better sort, but merely as those who are willing to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—whichever promises better in the matter of obtaining votes, influence, and contributions. The people of Canada can have no confidence in an Opposition which, according to the old saying, is always willing to dine with the Whigs and vote with the Tories. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company seems to be the master of the situation. No doubt if we were able to conduct so great a concern as cleverly as the C. P. R. has been conducted, we would use the same tactics as that great corporation is using, but it should make us all feel very small to believe that Messrs. Van Horne and Shaughnessy possess all the brains of this great Dominion.

Somebody in Parliament, if not in the Government, should have a railroad policy. It would pay someone to make a grand bluff at having one, even if nothing definite is obtainable. It would seem to the outsider who watches the railroads bullying and be-hauling and be-deviling Parliament about to suit themselves, that the representatives of the people should decide on some way of preventing such great institutions from making Canada a mere right of way for their transportation systems. If nothing can be done to rectify the errors of the past, surely something can be accomplished in the direction of checkmating these powerful organizations when they reach for further clinches. If subsidies have been given in a wrong way in the past, let no subsidies be given hereafter unless ample safeguards are obtained for the protection of the people. If it is necessary to bring the great railroads to time, let laws be passed and bring up the companies with a sharp jerk. In thirty minutes a bill could be put through Parliament, if Parliament were not afraid of the railroads, which would make these great magnates sit up and talk in a sweeter tone of voice. Parliament dare not pass such a law, and the fact that it has not the courage to attempt it is a disgrace to the whole Canadian community.

Canadians should remember that the situation is not now the same as it was twenty or thirty years ago. There is plenty of money in Canada and plenty more obtainable. Our Parliamentary deliberations prove to us most absolutely that what Canada needs is not money, but brains, courage, executive ability. To see over two hundred representatives of the Canadian people pulled and pushed about as the members of the House of Commons are being treated, as, in fact, they are treating themselves and one another, is a sickening thing. If the present Government falls down over any special thing it will be over its lack of spinal column in connection with railroad matters. That it has not already met with severe reverses is owing to the fact that the Opposition is more slavishly disposed to fawn at the feet of railroad magnates than the Government itself. The few men in Parliament who have undertaken to fight the battle of the people to prevent subsidies being granted unless safeguarded to such an extent that the money cannot become the private property of a company to be used for the oppression of the settler, the miner and the shipper, are doing the best work that is being done in Canada. Prosperity makes us more or less oblivious of the fatuous course which we are pursuing in organizing, strengthening, and making almost invincible, corporations to whom Parliament itself soon must bow down.

The Globe is showing some signs of an awakening sense of duty, yet it talks as vaguely about these safe-guards and a different system of assisting the construction of roads needed for the development of the country, as if it were handling some very delicate point in theology. There is nothing delicate or vague about the position the people and their representatives should take in this connection. Nearly every dollar spent in railroads in Canada which represents work done and country opened up, came from the pockets of the people. Watered stocks and squandered cash must have some place in the book-keeping of the companies, but not in the accounts of the people. People have a right to demand that these roads shall be operated for the public benefit, and not for the enrichment of men who, as a matter of fact, took slight, if any, chances of loss. So far as the people are concerned, it is no exaggeration to say that they have been flimflammed out of nearly every dollar that they have bestowed. The title of the people to the money they have invested faded away as soon as the bonuses and subsidies were converted into cash. Worse still, their representatives in Parliament have permitted these enormous corporations, created by public taxation, to become the masters instead of the servants of the people. Why should anybody talk vaguely about these things? Why should column editors be written which contain so little courage that they end with an indefinite suggestion that something ought to be done, and "may some time in the near future" be done, to prevent more of the sweat-stained dollars of the populace being turned into instruments for their own oppression? The Government at Ottawa, and the Government of Ontario, and the party in opposition at both capitals, should devote themselves to defining a railroad policy of some sort and sticking to it; and if it be for the benefit of the people the proposers of it will receive ample support.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has demonstrated that its business methods are swifter than those of any other province in the Dominion. It may be that the Seimlin-Martin Government may be going faster in the matter of laws against alien miners and Japanese than the Federal or Imperial authorities will permit, but it is refreshing to notice the vigorous alertness of the Government of which fighting Joe Martin is practically the head. Anything affecting the province receives immediate attention, and there is not the slightest backwardness when the Government has occasion to speak. The Imperial Government having apparently fallen down on the Pacific cable project, British Columbia at once comes forward and offers to pay a



SCENE ON THE MONTREAL RIVER, LINDSAY DISTRICT.

From a photo by F. Britten.

persons who are nobodies, unless they are somebodies as Roman Catholics, are thrusting themselves forward as the representatives of the Catholics of Ontario. These dynamitars of politics have introduced themselves to the public and to the executive of this province, as having authority. The Protestants of this country are too well informed and have become too astute by experience to actively oppose the project of those who have elected themselves to accomplish a most dangerous and improper task. It remains with the Roman Catholics themselves to say whether these people who have gone up to Hon. Mr. Hart, the Commissioner of Public Works, and impudently interrogated him as to his prospects of remaining in public office, and when he is likely to retire, are speaking with the authority of their fellow sectarians. An impertinence of a parallel sort cannot be found in the history of this country. Had Hon. Mr. Hart thrust them out of his door and pushed them downstairs he would have been quite within his social and political rights. If the Premier of this province passes over the insult without demanding an apology, or inflicting upon those who were the perpetrators of the outrage a rebuke which will be always remembered, the people will have to take up the quarrel and insist upon the reduction of these blatherskites to a proper sense of their level.

We have had enough racial and religious rows in this country, and there is no better time than the present to insist that agitators who assume to represent the Roman Catholic or any other denomination, be made to keep their place. As far as the people of Canada are concerned there is no religion in this country, except as the individual believes and practices the doctrines which seem to him best. As an aggregation no denomination has a right to ask for anything, much less to demand anything. I have no prejudices against Roman Catholicism, any more than I have against the Anglican faith, but I certainly am not going to sit quiet and observe any of my religious neighbors organizing to give me the worst of it, or to assume that their religion gives them privileges in the state which I do not enjoy. I remarked that now is the best time to settle this row. In the Dominion we have a Roman Catholic

impertinences are realized and a preposterous clique is snubbed, the incident will be closed.

THE installation of a new Archbishop in Toronto was an important event to the very numerous and exceedingly respectable section of the community which looks to him for spiritual guidance. I cannot see, however, that it was any reason for the attendance of Federal Cabinet Ministers, or for the presence of the Premier of Canada. While it might be urged that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was there because he was a Roman Catholic, it cannot be said that Protestants who are members of the Cabinet were there for the same reason. This sort of thing encourages our Roman Catholic brethren to believe that politicians must all chase them and give up the best they have in order to capture them. I do not occupy this ground. If our chief men had to put in an appearance at the inauguration of Archbishop O'Connor in order to obtain his good will, we ought to know it. If we have to nurse the feet of every church dignitary, Catholic or Protestant, in order to obtain church support, it should be made a part of our constitution instead of, as at present, being made a section of our self-abnegation. No doubt the Liberals thought they were doing a very clever thing by presenting themselves at the consecration of the Archbishop. If that is their size of politics, the people ought to know it. If they are willing to lie with their faces in the dust in front of the archiepiscopal throne or a Methodist convention, we can easily conceive of them lying in the same posture before the Canadian Pacific, or in the presence of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, or any old thing that pretends to have a political pull. We have had enough of this sort of guff. This country demands an administration that walks upright, insists upon its dignity, and asserts itself as the executive of a great people which is controlled by neither religious fanaticism nor railroad greed. I am quite convinced that the weakness which has been shown in the face of both the church and railroad magnates has been caused by a desire to prevent friction. The suggestion that I take the liberty of making it that this sort of thing does not prevent friction, but causes it, and I am quite sure that I speak

generous share such as should put the Mother Country to shame. Those capable of estimating the probable income of the line say that it should not be a losing project for more than four or five years. The present line gets \$1.15 per word, and those who have been looking into the matter say that if the new line got only fifty cents a word and got only a quarter of the business, the deficit would be less than \$800,000, which would decrease the cost to each country interested to a figure considerably less than half of what is suggested. As a matter of fact, the chances are all in favor of the line being a paying one, and it seems a shame that the project should fail because of Great Britain's lack of interest or on account of the influence which the existing companies have with Downing street officials.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is still enquiring with regard to Lord Aberdeen's refusal to load up the Senate and such offices as were vacant when his administration was beaten. One would think that the ex-Premier would be ashamed to admit that after so many years of Conservative rule he attempted to make nearly all the appointments which needed making for years, when he was in his political coffin and the lid was being screwed down. If Lord Aberdeen was unconstitutional in his conduct, nobody denies that he was absolutely right and just. In the British constitution there is so much unwritten law and so much elasticity, that the Home Office will find no difficulty in satisfying "Uncle Charlie" that he has no grievance. Moreover, the people of this country are sick and tired of hearing the old man belly-aching over his failure to provide his camp-followers with the plunder of an enemy which had given him such an extraordinarily good licking in battle.

THE idea of establishing in the North-West an institution to which the betterclass of Englishwomen could come for a few weeks' training to fit them for housekeeping or farming on the prairies, is a project well worth the consideration of the Dominion Government. A prominent society lady in Toronto has done much to bring this project before the British public, where it has been warmly received. Letters from her have been published in the *London Times*, and Miss Flora Shaw has devoted considerable space to enlarging upon the suggestion she received through a letter from her. It is suggested that on land adjacent to the experimental farm, which is so beautifully located near Brandon, a large home should be built, to which Englishwomen might with safety come expecting to receive training in housekeeping and the details of poultry raising, and the care of such domestic animals as ordinarily fall under a woman's hand when living on a ranch. Without doubt there are thousands of women in the British Isles who have a small income, who could very successfully take care of cows, and sheep, and pigs, and poultry, and contribute very largely to the mixed farming which is lacking in a country where the temptation is so great to grow wheat or stock almost entirely. If these Englishwomen, whether they have any means of their own or not, could be induced to come to the North-West, their opportunities to make a livelihood as housekeepers would be exceedingly good. Though there is no suggestion of making a matrimonial agency of such an institution, yet it would be a distinct betterment of the present condition of affairs if we could induce, by the hundreds, the women who find themselves stranded in the Old Country to come out to this new land and place themselves in a position where the men who want wives, and, in every sense of the word, helpmates, could communicate with them and find either wives or housekeepers.

Such a residence as is suggested, without great cost could be roomy enough to accommodate single women who come to look after opportunities to make a living. None but those who know the disadvantages under which single women struggle, can appreciate how loath decently nurtured females are to thrust themselves into a new country uninformed as to the opportunities of obtaining employment, and suspicious of all advances made to them by the sterner sex. It is not proposed that what would really be an immigrant home for women should have any feature of pauperism about it. After the building is constructed, it is proposed that the fees from those remaining a few days or weeks, should make the institution self-supporting. There is no doubt that applications for all the female help which would naturally come to the institution, would be much in excess of the supply, though the fact has already been made evident that England is willing to adopt the suggestion and contribute most liberally to the transportation of those who desire to find homes in our prairie country. It is worth while viewing it for a moment from the Old Country standpoint. The young men of England and Ireland and Scotland find it difficult enough to gain sufficient money to emigrate to the colonies. We know that youth is selfish, and that when the young fellow finds his feet and begins to get along, his first impulse is to marry and to forget that he has other cares than the new ones he assumes in the new land. For this reason thousands of women, the sisters of those who go out to make homes, are left with no choice but to become shop girls or servants. There is no population which Canada needs more than the fairly well educated, wholesome and motherly women of the Old Land. After all it is more important that the best women of the Old Country should come here than it is that the best men should be amongst our immigrants. Without casting any slight upon Canadian women, I think it can be truthfully said that the steady-nerved, well-nurtured woman of the Old Country, as a mother could be trusted to produce the very best population in our North-West. In immigration matters I think that perhaps the mother part of the problem has been forgotten. The excessive female population of the old lands and the large excess of men in new countries, are both problems which economists have noted without suggesting a method of bringing about a change. The institution which is suggested in the North-West is the solution of what otherwise will still further lower the birth rate and diminish the happiness of the Anglo Saxon race.

It is not suggested that women from the slums or the cities be encouraged to offer themselves to the North-West; there are sufficient Englishwomen whose reputations are thoroughly good and who are thoroughly wholesome and vigorous, both physically and mentally, to crowd a score of such institutions as the one suggested. They can be found already attached to the soil, and ready to undertake the tasks of farm life, fully equipped with those maternal desires which make a woman skilful in raising the offspring of animals, and let it not be forgotten, also possessed of the maternal instinct which desires offspring of her own. It is scarcely a matter of wonderment that in cities, where the conditions of life are so hard and where the children are both expensive to rear and deterrent as far as the making of a livelihood is concerned, women object to having large families. On the prairies a large family is not only necessary to relieve the loneliness of the situation, but each one, no matter how small, is an assistant to the mother and the father. I think enough has been said to point out that those in charge of immigration matters might very well follow on the lines which have been suggested, and which have already been so enthusiastically received in England, for it means much more than the mere placing of a few hundred women who find that making a living in the Old Country is difficult, if not impossible; it means the saving of many ranchers from reckless living; the growth of a vigorous and well constituted generation in our West, and the supply of a female population which is necessary to every agricultural country, for it must not be forgotten that all countries which are successful in agriculture rely largely upon the women for the work done in the gardens and the little fields which cluster about the homes. Finally it may as well be stated that men and women must live so as to produce children or civilization is a failure. If this be not done in the North-West tilling the land will fail, for the new generation will not be there to gather the crop.

The reception given by the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto was much enjoyed by the assembled friends and relatives of the girls, who well deserved the holiday that His Grace granted them at the conclusion of the programme. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Elmsly, Col. Mason, Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Dr. and Mrs. Dwyer, Dr. and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. Anglin, J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P.E., Inspector White, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Anglin, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G.; Rev. Dr. Teedy, C.S.B.; Very Rev. Father Marjion, Rev. Fathers Hand, McEntee, Rohleder, Miller, Jeffcott, Cline, Walsh, Le Marche, Healy, Brennan, Murray, McBrady, Carberry, Cruise, Sheridan, McCann, Minehan, O'Donoghue, Fraehen, Fennigan.



BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Have We Any First-class Oratory in Canada?

Not very much says Mack.

There has been some discussion of late as to whether Joseph Howe or Thomas D'Arcy McGee was the greater orator, but it seems to have been conceded by the London *News* and the other papers that took part in the argument, that these two were the finest orators we have had among Canadian public men. What is an orator? We think of Edmund Burke as a great orator, yet in his day men fled the House of Commons when he arose to speak. We charge Edward Blake with being too cold to be a true orator, yet people always listen to him with deep interest, and perhaps if he had spoken more upon morals and less upon law and economics he might have left a couple of volumes of noble speeches. Sir Wilfrid Laurier finds it very difficult, I fancy, to restrain the orator within him—but his position requires that he be not glowingly imaginative, but as severely practical as possible. Hon. G. W. Ross will be recognized as an orator after his death, no doubt, but now he is tied up to subjects that are hopelessly petty and he grows constantly more wordy. Of men of the day I think that perhaps a better book of orations could be gleaned from the speeches of Sir Adolphe Chapleau than from those of any other Canadian—that is, if we were seeking for imagery, lofty sentiments, and impassioned eloquence. But on the whole, oratory is with us a meagre growth.

Quelle question indiscrete, dit Marc Sauvalle de La Presse.

La haute eloquence existe-t-elle au Canada? et vous me demandez de répondre à une question aussi indiscrete. Ne savez-vous donc pas qu'il y a à cet égard des conventions inaltérables que le mortel ne doit pas enfreindre? Sachez donc que tel et tel orateur sont sacrés des Démotènes, des Mirabeau, des Berryer et des Gambetta, et qu'il n'est pas permis de dérangier ce cliché surout pour parler d'un nom qui ne fait pas d'ors et déjà partie de la pléiade. Dans le milieu Canadien les admirations sont tout stéréotypées et il faut gagner ses épaulettes à l'ancienneté, très peu au mérite. En France, la période trouble dont la fermentation nous arrive jusqu'ici, vient de produire des polémistes de la langue et de la plume qui ont saisi le peuple par leur vigueur, la précision et la beauté des images, les Barrès, Jaurès, Gohier sont l'élite jeune de cette école qui s'efforce de passer des certitudes aux négociations sans y perdre de valeur morale. Nous nous en tenons ici aux modèles types. Les jeunes libéraux sont des Lahrires, les jeunes conservateurs sont des Chapleau et la race s'en fait rare. L'idéal intellectuel fait défaut et c'est l'idéal humain qui y supplée d'une façon insuffisante, car l'éloquence doit être frappée au cachet d'une époque et non d'un homme. La haute eloquence de nos jours doit être le reflet des sentiments courants. J'avoue qu'elle ne peut avoir les envolées d'autre fois, que des dures réalités qui nous heurtent n'élèvent pas l'âme, mais elles font appel au cœur; les besoins et les appétits ont leur eloquence et font la marque distinctive de celle qui n'existe pas encore parmi nous.

Franklin Gadsby awards "honorable mentions."

Oratory has changed somewhat since the days of Demosthenes and Cicero. The last named gentleman was a great hand for ending his sentences with three sonorous synonyms—the Ciceronian trioleit it is called by classical scholars. Hon. G. W. Ross follows this model and is the best exponent of it in Canada. I have heard members of the Ontario press gallery remark that it is not quite suited to live questions and that it goes better when the subject is in perspective. The manner of Mr. Ross's oratory never consorted better with the matter than on the occasion of Sir John Macdonald's statue in Queen's Park being unveiled. That was his plenitude. Mr. Hardy's speeches are very much synecopated—quite rag-time in fact—and almost Gallic in their profuse gesticulation. The palm for plain speaking lies, I think, with Mr. Carscallen, the member for Hamilton. He has a rapid apprehension of any subject, however complicated, and leaves an impression on his audience as clear as his own method of thought. I have not heard the Ottawa parliamentarians from the altitude of the press gallery, but judging by their public performances Sir Richard Cartwright carries off the honors for graphic, if somewhat mordant, expression. Mr. Foster is also a great orator but too didactic.

"Special correspondent" roasts members of Parliament

Sitting more or less frequently, session after session, in the Press galleries in Toronto and Ottawa, I am compelled to express the opinion that in Canada we have lots of talk but very little oratory. The habits of the House of Commons, for instance, put oratory out of the question. The honorable member gets up and talks, talks, hour after hour, and so raw is the condition of his subject-matter, so slovenly has been his preparation, that everyone within hearing years to have the thing over. The man is a speech-maker, he is talking so that his constituency will think he is "some pumpkins" at Ottawa; on, on he goes, reading passages from official reports, rehashing material that was better handled the day before, but determined to fill some pages of Hansard and to keep up, at home, the fiction that he is somebody. In parliamentary speeches there has been no preliminary compression, no boiling down of the sap into syrup—the man rises to his feet, and then proceeds to tap the tree, draw the sap, put on the pot, start the fire, boil the fluid, and at tedious length makes a mess of it that is neither syrup nor sugar. He should not do all this in his speech; he should have done most of it before he arose. An editor can debate any subject in a one, or at most a two-column editorial, but a member of Parliament will talk seven or eight columns off the reel. This is largely due to sheer laziness, and pressmen who listen as public speakers approach subjects from one side and then the other, look up and try again, often say that such work would not be tolerated in their profession. There is also a cheap levity that curses this country and makes earnest souls ashamed to expose the sacred fires that glow within.

Social and Personal.

The pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Morrison of King street, Parkdale, was the scene of one of the pleasantest euchre parties of the season on Thursday night of last week. The rooms were decorated with flowers and palms, and the hostess was assisted by Mrs. Whitcomb of Chicago, who has been spending the winter in Toronto. About thirty guests sat down to the tables and enjoyed a very exciting game, after which refreshments were followed by dancing and singing, the inevitable cake-walk ending a most enjoyable evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. Clarence A. Caldwell (nee Morrison), who is here from New York on a visit with her parents in St. George street; Mrs. W. G. Brown, Mr. D. F. McGuire and Mr. W. G. Brown. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Britt, the Misses Lillian and Edith Kent, Miss Morrison, Miss Madwin, Mrs. B. Brown, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Cliff Rolph and Mr. Morrison.

On Friday, May 5, the second annual assault at arms was given by the boys of Ridley College in the Masonic Hall, St. Catharines. They were assisted by Lieut. Thrift Burnside, Sergeant Williams and Sergeant Grant, all of the 48th Highlanders. The programme was long and varied, including exercises on the vaulting-horse, horizontal and parallel bars, fencing,



sparring, and pick-a-back wrestling. In addition to these the audience were treated to bayonet, sword and quarter-staff combats by the members of the 48th already mentioned. Sergeant Williams, gymnastic instructor at Toronto University, expressed himself highly pleased with the work of the boys, and this reflects no small credit on Mr. Hendry and Mr. Keys, who trained them for the entertainment. Mr. Hendry took part in the gymnastic exercises and Mr. Keys in the fencing and single-stick combats. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present, which included a number of visitors from Toronto who had gone over to be present at the assault.

Mrs. Lount and her daughter, little Marjory, have returned from Bermuda and, with Mr. William Lount, Q.C., are living at the Rossin, their residence in St. George street still being occupied by Justice and Mrs. Lister. Mrs. Lount's health has been greatly benefited by her stay abroad.

Mr. Charles L. Lawrie, 84 Dunn avenue, South Parkdale, undergraduate of Toronto University, sails from New York today for Scotland, where he intends taking a course of naval architecture at Glasgow University. Mr. Lawrie was banqueted last Tuesday evening at Webb's by a few of his friends and presented with a handsome gold watch-chain. Mr. Frank Ford occupied the chair, Mr. Charles G. Knott the vice-chair, and Mr. Arthur Kinzinger made the presentation.

Lady Hibbert Tupper, who contracted a severe cold during her recent visit in Toronto, has been quite ill since and is now confined to her room.

The Postmaster-General spends a good many hours in sleeping cars just now, with the affairs of his department in Ottawa and the approaching marriage of his daughter in Toronto as the opposing magnets. Mr. Mulock spent Sunday at home.

The 24th of May will be a great day in Montreal. The military element will be much in evidence. That energetic and capable soldier, General Hutton, has stirred things up considerably, and I hear the spoon is yet being agitated, and many spurred and booted warriors are in the soup. The General knows his business and intends that his officers shall know theirs.

Mrs. Holmstead gave a tea last Friday for an Orillia friend. Mr. Willson has taken Mr. Harcourt Vernon's house in Spadina road and will remove there shortly.

Mrs. and Miss Beardmore have returned from Europe. The storks left a small daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel one day lately, who was received with great happiness.

Miss Parsons has returned from New York, and is busy with her trousseau preparations, as her marriage to Dr. Lefevre is fixed for the eighth of June.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeaton Hall, which was postponed on account of Mr. Cawthra's severe cold, is now being enjoyed by both very much.

Immediately after the races, which are the next events of interest, and for which some lovely gowns are preparing, the Niagara Camp will be a center of attraction. Owing to the new life in military matters a fine camp from June 6 to Dominion Day will be a certainty, and the Queen's Royal is to be opened early on that account.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Amy Campbell of Carbrook and Mr. Reginald Thomas has appeared in the daily papers.

Mrs. Malcolm Oxley of Chicago is the guest of Mrs. Edward Hay of Elm avenue, Rosedale.

Today the Batoche monument in Queen's Park will be decorated by the Royal Grenadiers and the Public School corps, who meet at the Armouries and march to the monument to do honor to the brave men who fell fighting for Canada.

Mr. E. Gus Porter of Belleville was in town on Tuesday.

The Canadian Club seems to be a practical organization. Last Saturday about fifty of its members took an historical trip of a local nature, and among other places visited the Old Fort, Bishop Strachan palace, and the old Parliament Buildings. At each place its history was given in a way which made the whole trip extremely interesting.

The steeplechase race at Upper Canada College this year was a great success; over thirty boys entered. It was run last Friday, and Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, with some guests, enjoyed seeing the wild rush over and through so many obstacles; the water jump, as usual, afforded much amusement, and first place was won by H. W. Fraser of Parkdale and his name will be inscribed on the cup. To him also went two of the four cakes always given. The other two were secured by Morrison and the junior Russell.

Premier and Mrs. Hardy have returned from Atlantic City, where they have been for a short time.

The past week has been one of the quietest of the spring. The usual flitting, house-cleaning, some serious illness, and in one or two cases the hand of death, have put contemplated festivities far from the thoughts of our entertainers. The various clubs are making preparations for a busy time; golf, cricket, tennis and cycling are again in great vogue, and I hear of a new and very smart club, which will be of vast interest to women, about to be formed.

Miss Huston, the busy teacher and sweet singer, gave a musicale in her studio, Confederation Life Building, on last Saturday afternoon. A very pleasant party were responsive to the invitations sent out, and the artistic programme was carried out charmingly. Miss Huston always took her art gravely and seriously, and she has won the support of a large and loyal circle, as she well deserves.

Mrs. Grantham and Miss Shanklin have been for some weeks in Washington and returned home last week.

Mrs. Dignam will receive at her new home, 284 St. George street, on Friday, May 12, and the following Friday before leaving for England. Her last open studio day will be on Saturday, May 13, after 3 p.m., when those interested may have a look at Mrs. Dignam's Dutch sketches.

Mr. Butland will speak on Sunday at the Y.W.C. Guild Hall, McGill street, at three and seven p.m., on some present day religious delusions.

Mrs. (Dr.) W. St. John Downey of Chicago is visiting Mrs. R. Lawson of Bloor street.

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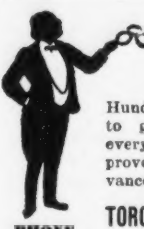
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Personal Notes from the Capital



held up our hands in amazement at the dinners of seventy or eighty given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen. We looked regretfully at the small and exclusive dinners of other days.

With the advent of Lord Minto, those who know it all said that the large dinner was doomed—the banquet, as some derisively styled it. He would know whom to ask, they said, and whom not to ask, and the honor of dining at Government House would be all the greater when the party was limited in number. Small and select was what the dinners of Lord Minto were going to be. And has the prediction been fulfilled? Not a bit of it. Lord Minto has broken the record—as Ottawa knows it; instead of the seventy and eighty invited by Lord Aberdeen, one hundred and twenty-five have been invited by Lord Minto. On two occasions last week the guests invited to dine at Government House reached this high number. A few of them "were unavoidably prevented from attending by illness or other causes," as the newspaper formula is, but the majority were there. They were for the most part Senators, members and high officials of both Houses. As at Lord Aberdeen's dinners, the ball room was the scene. The beautiful white and gold paneled walls, the vaulted ceiling, the floor richly carpeted in cream color and blue, combine to form a splendid *mise-en-scene*—a goodly setting for the tables covered with snowy linen, set with cut glass and silver, adorned with long-stemmed roses in slender vases of beautiful workmanship, and over all the glow of many candles. These were grand dinners. At the conclusion the Governor-General led the way to the drawing-room, where the gracious Countess was waiting with the ladies—wives and daughters of the dinner guests—who were her guests at a reception from 9.30 to 12 o'clock. After an hour or so of conversation a return was made to the ball-room, where the sight of a well spread supper table met the view of the not too hungry guests. There were on Friday and Saturday evenings pleasant dinners at Government House, at which the guests did not number more than fourteen or sixteen, and of whom the majority were townsmen.

This week all else in the line of social gaiety has sunk into insignificance before the State ball, which came off at Government House last Wednesday evening. The fact that it was the first State ball given by His Excellency Lord Minto and Lady Minto, aroused even a keener degree of public interest than usual. It was a splendid function, with many prominent people from all over Canada among the guests. The women wore their smartest gowns, and the brilliancy of the scene was greatly enhanced by the numerous handsome uniforms worn by the men.

Many smart entertainments have been given in honor of the pretty bride from Toronto, Mrs. James Edgar, who, with her husband, spent last week with the Speaker and Lady Edgar. Her charming personality easily won for her the good graces of Ottawa society. Several dinners were among the festivities in her honor, and at the reception given by Lady Edgar on Saturday evening the guests were formally presented to her by the hostess. At this reception the political world was much in evidence, but the social world was there, too, represented to its utmost limits. Lady Edgar wore a handsome gown of mauve brocade, her daughters were both in white, and Mrs. James Edgar was immensely admired in a beautiful white gown, which was no doubt her wedding dress. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were among the many notables present. Lady Laurier's gown, as is always the case, was one of the handsomest. It was heavy cream brocade, trimmed with velvet and exquisite lace. Mrs.

Wilson of St. Thomas, who is Lady Laurier's guest, wore white satin veiled in black. The House of Commons was thrown open and its sacred precincts invaded by merry groups of men and women in evening dress. There is a story that Lady Laurier mounted the steps of the throne and in response to the cheers that filled the House, made a pretty little speech. Many other interesting things happened at this reception, and through it all the air was filled with the sweet strains of an orchestra hidden somewhere behind some greenery. It was very pleasant and very bright, but being Sunday eve the strains of the National Anthem warned the assembly at fifteen minutes to twelve that it was time to say good night.

On Tuesday Lady Edgar's drawing room was the scene of much businesslike activity. The Executive Council of the Women's National Council of Canada met there on that day. Lady Edgar, the acting president, presided. Important work was successfully got through with and the routine of business was agreeably interrupted by a splendid luncheon at about two o'clock. The Countess of Minto attended the meeting and appeared to take much interest in the transactions. Mrs. Boomer of London, Ont., and Lady Tilley are among the many notable women whom this meeting of the executive brought to the Capital.

The first golf tea of the season was given on last Friday afternoon. It was a perfect May day, and all who could possibly manage it got out of town to enjoy the pleasant weather on the links. At the tea hour the numbers of carriages and bicycles gathered about the door of the club-house proclaimed the numbers of guests within. Mrs. Henry Egan, president of the ladies' golf club, was the hostess at tea. She was assisted by her nieces, the Misses Thistle.

Social and Personal.

On Thursday and "neighborhood day," Friday, Mrs. Grant Ridout held her post-nuptial receptions at her home in Rusholme road. In such a large family connection as the family of Mr. Ridout embraces are many bright young people, and of these Miss Muriel Ridout was the one to dispense the afternoon refreshments to the bride's callers, assisted by pretty Miss Violet Langmuir. Mrs. Ridout, mother of the *nouveau marié*, was with her daughter-in-law in the drawing-room. The bride was a veritable spring bride, in green, softly trimmed with green and white chiffon. Many callers paid their visits of welcome and congratulation on one of the two days of the receptions.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Mulock, second daughter of the Postmaster-General, and Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick of Coolmine will take place in June. The happy little bride-elect is busy these days with the fascinations of collecting that many-articled affair known as a trousseau, which, in this instance, is to be very smart and dainty.

On Friday of last week a dainty luncheon was given at McConkey's in honor of Mrs. Buchanan, who was visiting Mrs. Forester, and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, who is with her husband's parents. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Forester and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann were of the half-dozen who enjoyed the little repast and each other.

In speaking of the death of Mr. Philip Todd, which took place so suddenly last week, a friend said to me: "He was one of the untrumpeted heroes whose heroism is never suspected, because they hide it so well. For months he knew from his physician that his life hung on a thread, and that its end must be soon and sudden, and his only wish was to keep this knowledge away from his dear ones, and work for them to the last." Quiet and reserved and unnoticed was this brave man, and it is meet that his unselfish pluck should be recorded.

At Sir James and Lady Edgar's At Home on last Saturday evening the young couple, Mr. James Edgar and his graceful bride, (nee Gillespie of Toronto), were the recipients of many welcomes and congratulations from the immense crowd who attended the reception. Mrs. Dobell and Mrs. Dominick Brown, Mr. Douglas Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, Miss Brown-Wallis, Miss Lola Powell, Mr. Brown-Wallis, Miss Osler and Miss Cochrane of Craigleigh, Lady Davies and Miss Davies, were a few Toronto visitors or citizens whose doings interest Toronto friends. Sir James Edgar looks very much better and was not at all put about by the fatigue of a long reception.

Mr. J. E. Dalrymple has been appointed division freight agent of the G.T.R., with headquarters at Hamilton, to succeed Mr. John Pullen, who has gone with Mr. Fitzbough to the Central Vermont Railway.

The second year students at Osgoode Hall celebrated the close of their examinations with a dinner at Webb's on Monday evening. The committee in charge consisted of the following young gentlemen: Messrs. T. Gibson, J. L. Counsell, M. R. Tudhope, R. H. G. Cassels, E. J. Martin, W. A. Mackinnon and W. E. Burns.

A quiet early morning wedding occurred on Saturday, April 29, when Mr. R. Adam Walker was married to Miss Emma Ross, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ross Treueman, Ossington avenue. The bridesmaid was Miss Bertha Ross of London, a cousin of the bride, and the groomsmen were Mr. R. Alexander Walker, a cousin of the groom. Rev. S. D. Chown performed the marriage ceremony.

One of the saddest deaths that has occurred for some time took place on Thursday morning of last week, at the family residence, Elgin Villa, 180 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, when Mrs. John Winchester, wife of the Master-in-Chambers, Osgoode Hall, was called away after a long and painful illness, borne with great

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on April 14. About sixty of their friends assembled for the occasion, and an entertainment was given by Gilson's orchestra and several well known vocalists. Refreshments were served on small tables in the drawing-room, and afterwards dancing was indulged in by the younger guests. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were warmly congratulated upon their youthful appearance, which gives every promise that they will yet celebrate their golden wedding. And their many friends here and in distant parts of the Dominion sincerely hope that the hospitable couple will do so.

patience. Mrs. Winchester was the eldest daughter of the late William Butler, and leaves a family of ten. The funeral occurred on Saturday last to Mount Pleasant cemetery.

A very enjoyable celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stewart occurred at their residence in King street,

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The Pessimist's Lesson.



R. LETSON, who had just ceased to represent a large manufacturing firm, had always considered himself a great deal of a philosopher. The years which he had known were sufficient in number, so he thought, to have justified him in expecting some more tangible memento than the tinge of gray over his hair. The letter in which the firm explained the conditions which rendered it no longer desirable to keep a man in the territory he had been covering lay open on the table. It was the same firm in which he had, ten years before, hoped to attain a partnership. It was not an unreasonable hope at that time, but the careless, liberal temperament which made him so popular with his trade, failed to commend him as a proprietary figure. And unless his partnership had enabled him to exercise influence which would have averted the present condition of the firm's affairs, such a partnership would have been of little value.

"Everything seems on its last legs," he mused after an ugly spell of coughing. "It's a great pity I couldn't have gotten that position I applied for in Chicago last month. I suppose they thought I was too old to learn the business."

He picked up a magazine, which he had bought at the news-stand as he came into the hotel, and glanced carelessly over its pages. A portrait attracted his attention. It was a picture of an actress.

"I'll bet that picture doesn't look much like its subject," he said as he brushed aside the clothes which were lying on a chair and sat down. "It looks more like Hannah. I never realized what a pretty name Hannah is till I knew her. That's the way she used to wear her hair. Lucky girl, Hannah. She came very near marrying me. I wonder if that fellow treats her right."

He picked up a small roll of bills, which had fallen out of his vest pocket, and counted them over, together with some coin which he took from his trousers pocket. A twenty-dollar gold piece shone among the silver.

"Enough to pay hotel bills for a week or two yet," he remarked. "But what's a week or two? This world isn't scattering welcomes indiscriminately. I've shown my goods, and it doesn't care about them, and that's all there is to it. When you've made the best showing you can to a customer, and you can't transact any more business, what's the thing to do? Get out, of course."

He took a revolver from his traveling bag and examined it carefully. Then he thought of the excitement which a shot would create and considerably laid it aside. He dressed himself and started for a drug store. It was cheering to reflect that it was not whiskey he desired, but plain poison, he would not require a doctor's prescription.

A very small black boy stood in the front of the hotel. As Mr. Letson passed, the youngster turned up a face upon whose nose and cheek bones the electric lamp made such striking high lights that his artistic sense was appealed to, and he paused.

"Look here, son, why don't you go home?" he exclaimed.

"Ise dar," was the answer. "I makes myself to home right hyah. De city pervides me wif' electric lights an' when I wants ter git wahm, I goes to de depot."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Oh, one place or 'nuthuh."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yassir. A good deal o' de time."

"What are you laughin' at, you young rascal?"

"I didn't know I was laughin'."

"Where are your parents?"

"Ain't got none. Dey moved out o' town las' week an' foghot to ax me 'long wif' 'em. Miss Maria Simpson lemme sleep on de flo'. She's 'bout a hundred y'ahs ol' an' she's gwine ter git put out foh de rent Monday."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I doesn't know. 'Taint then yit. Now, I reckons sumpin's gwine ter happen. Ef it ain't gwine ter, why den it ain't. But it's bound ter see it frow. I didn't know whah I was gwine ter keep wahm till I thought 'bout de depot, nor whah I wah gwine to sleep tell Miss Simpson happen past. An' I reckons dar's mo' luck whah dat come f'um."

"Aren't you discouraged about your future?"

"Does you mean 'bout breakfast? 'Ca'ee if you does, I might as well let you know I hasn't got done bel'n' hungry foh supper yit."

The hint was taken. It was a pleasure to discover how palatable a supper in a small, cheap restaurant could be. It cheered Mr. Letson to watch the waiter as he waited for another course, grinning like some lucky god in exile from his Oriental fane. And Mr. Letson thought. Presently he wrote his name and address on the back of an envelope and gave it to the boy.

"Get someone to write there for you in a couple of months from now," he said, "and maybe I can arrange to get you an education that will keep you out of all this color line rubbish when you grow up."

When he went to pay the cashier

he drew from his pocket, with other coin, the gold piece.

He handed it to the boy, who, as women and children do with gold, intuitively perceived its value.

"Da's a Chris'mas gif', ain't it, boss?" he exclaimed in delight.

"No," answered Mr. Letson, very thoughtfully. "It's a life-saving medal."—Washington Star.

Plain Old Kitchen Chap.

Mother's furnished up the parlor—got a full, new, haircloth set. And there ain't a neater parlor in the county, now, I'll bet. She has been a-boardin' pennies for a mighty tedious time; She has had the chicken money, and she's saved it, every dime. And she's put it out in pictures and in easy chairs and rugs. —Got the neighbors all a-smiffin' 'cause we're puttin' on such lugs. Got up curtains 'round the winders, whiter'n snow and all o' lace. Fixed that parlor till, by gracious, I should never know the place, And she says as soon's it's settled she shall give a yellin' too. And invite the whole caboodle of the neighbors in to see. Can't own up that I approve it; seems too much like rub and fuss. To a man who's lived as I have—jest a blamed old kitchen cuss.

Course we've had a front room always; tidy place enough, I guess. Couldn't tell; I never set there; never opened it unless Parson called, or sometimes mother give a party or a bee. When the women come and quilted and the men come 'round to tea. Now we're goin' to use it common. Mother says it's time to start.

If we're any better'n heathens, so's to sweeten life with art.

Says I've grubbed too long with plain things, haven't lifted up my soul. Says I've dined there in the kitchen like a woodchuck in his hole. —It's along with other notions mother's getting from the club. But I've got no growd a-comin'; mother ain't let up on grub! Still I'm wishin' she would let me have my smoke and take my nap. In the corner, side the woodbox; I'm a plain, old kitchen chap.

I have done my stent at farmin'; folks will tell you I'm no shirk. There's the culcus on their fingers that's the badge of honest work. And them hours in the corner when I've stumbled home to rest. Have been earnin' by honest labor and they've been my best.

Land! If I could have a palace, wouldn't ask no better nook. Than this corner in the kitchen with my pipe and some good book. I'm a sort of dull old cogder, clear behind the times, I s'pose. Stay at home and mind my business; wear some pretty rusty clothes.

'Druther set out here in the kitchen; have for forty years or more. Till the heel of that old rocker's gouged a hollow in the floor; Set my boots behind the cook stove, dry my old blue woolen socks. Get my knife and plug tobaccoer from that dented, old tin box.

Set and smoke and look at mother clearin' up the things from tea; —Rather tame for city fellers, but that's fun enough for me. I am proud of mother's parlor, but I'm feared the thing has put Curt's notions in her noddle, for she says I'm underfoot;

Thanks we ought to light the parlor, get a crowd and entertain. But I ain't no city loafer; I'm a farmer down in Maine. Course I can't hurt mother's feelin's, wouldn't do it for a mint. Yet that parlor business sticks me, and I guess I'll have to hint.

That I ain't an entertainer, and I leave that job to son; I'll set out here in the kitchen while the folks are having fun. And if marm comes out to get me, I will pull her on my lap.

And she'll know—and she'll forgive me, for I'm jest a kitchen chap. —Holman F. Day, in Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl.

O. H. of the Bodley Booklets. The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl, by Richard De Lyrienne, is just out. In these days of small fry whose fame is self-trumpeted (when one road to success is to make a failure of a magazine), when publishers ostentatiously keep anxious vigils over the sick-beds of their star contributors, and when genius is often measured by the standard of short stories, it is a relief to turn to a skit that tends to prick the bubble of a reputation, says Vogue. There are too few parodies, travesties and burlesques at the present day; and so we must welcome the book before us, the author of which is as good in his own line as Owen Seaman is in his. It must be confessed, however, that the sketches of verse in these pages as a rule are inferior to the prose. As for what you shall read in this book, consult the preface.

"It is pleasant to be a poet, especially a good-looking poet, with a picturesque name. You will gather as much from my Quest, which may shock the Daily Chronicle, the Saturday Review, and Lady Henry Somerset; but which should make good reading for Max Beerbohm, Herbert Vivian, Marie Lloyd, and the rest of the New Rationalists. You will hear, among other things, how Carrie Morrill and I killed the critic in the Isle of Man; how I visited the Academy

for golden girls; how I kissed the Lady Doctor when the moonbeams were on the rhododendrons; what I saw and did in Thrums ("Heech, man!"); how the New Brigade of Nineteenth Century Literature dined at the Metropole, and what Nicolini told me of the Star and Garter, particularly the Garter. Dear Nicolini, you are growing a big girl now, I saw you in the Strand to-day, the good old Sala-Dickens Strand. . . . I say no more."

The author frankly admits the reason the book came to be written. It seems it had long been his idea to go in quest of something or other that would be productive of copy, and during the quest we see how everything is treated as copy. Mr. De Lyrienne is not too modest, as we learn from his first monologue.

"Dear old T. P.! He has fallen out sadly of late. Hasn't got a French name, doesn't get photographed often enough. . . . Eight o'clock. It is a saffron evening. Spring has leapt upon the metropolis like a chamois. There are roses in St. John's wood—several kinds of roses—I sit by the club window, my white vest takes the evening sun, and glows with the incandescence of the mid-winter Matterhorn. By the Park railings, a jingling piano-organ unwinds the latest song of the street. My heart is filled with ineffable content. In a twenty minutes' stroll this afternoon, I counted thirty portraits of myself, and only two of Algernon. 'Waiter, the same again, please.' Let me see. . . . who were in the race with me? Swinburne, Davidson, Morris, Dobson, Watson—damned, all damned—I was the man who saw the Iron Lies in the Strand, worth a guinea a box—I mean a guinea a thought."

In his Quest, Richard Le Gallienne (for of course it is) seeks Mr. Barrie in Thrums. The interview closes as follows:

"After tea, Mrs. Barrie having left the room, I observed to Mr. Barrie that I should like to have a few words with him in private on important business."

"Right, lad," he rejoined, filling up his old briar with the immortal mixture and passing me the tin. "We'll tak' a bit stroll."

It was a fine July evening. "I will talk as man to man," I began.

"Right," said he.

"It is no detail that has brought me from London—ah! London, London, my—"

"Ay, I ken," he interpolated, somewhat unfeelingly, I thought.

"I want you to give me a pledge—a solemn pledge. You will promise me?"

"May be," he replied cautiously.

"I ask you, by all that's 'copy,' never to use 'dagot' any more."

He started; his lips felt to the ground; he shook his hand with a nervous grip; and as he looked up into my eyes he said, in a quavering voice:

"I canna, man, I canna; I've tae mak' my livin'. Tak' awa' anything ye like, but dinna tak' awa' dagot."

"Your decision is irrevocable? You decline to do this, even in honor of the Record Reign?"

"Ay."

A tear rose in his eye.

"Fareweel," I said. "A long fareweel. Henceforth we are strangers." And I strode off into the night.

I had done my best. It was a noble mission and I had failed. Perhaps he was right, after all. How should I get along without the Iron Lies?

It would seem that there is a certain etiquette demanded even in the quest of copy, as we see in the visit to Hall Cairn.

It was August—giddy, golden August—month of the summer girl; month of the burning yellow sands, the lazily swinging sea, the twinkling lights on the promenade as dusk falls and the wind comes in chill from the sea, while the strings of the band on the pier sigh and swoon in the ecstasies of the latest waltz. I had a vision of glorious girls in white filmy blouses drinking beneath the yellow moon, between the dances. I hailed with delight the prospect of a journey to the Isle of Man. My friend, Al Kane, was there, too; and judging from his writings, he has devoted himself assiduously to the study of girls, both gilt-edged and morocco-bound.

Al met me on Douglas Pier. I was rather disappointed in Douglas; it seemed tawdry and tedious.

"It's all right, old man," Al reassured me as we stepped our maraschino; "this is Bank Holiday, you know, and Demos is on the town. There are some nice bits in the interior where I get my copy from."

Al Kane smiled and sighed. "Ah me, Richard, I am sorry to say we have fallen on evil days in dear old Manxland. The girls change their names so often as their complexions. But, when in doubt, you are always safe to address them as 'dear.'"

I bought two cheroots.

"Al," I said, "I am a gay dog, a blade, a gallant. I am looking for a girl with a strawberry mark."

Al whipped a note-book from his pocket and scrawled a line in it.

"Now look here, Al," I remonstrated, "you are not to work that into your next book. I insist upon the copyright of that strawberry mark."

Al's lips curled contemptuously.

"What a weird imagination you have, Dick!" he said. "I wasn't thinking about it. It just occurred to me that Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would make good characters for my next story. I shall make Solomon an M.P. and the Queen of Sheba a society journalist. You know the animal?"

"I have been specimens in London." "Ah, London, London, my delight," murmured Al. "Fine poem, that, Richard. It inspired me to write another, do you know?"

"Ah, Douglas, Douglas, my delight; Your Brighton and your Isle of Wight, For oozed air and girls with wit Are certainly quite out of it."

"How's that? I write that for the Guide-Book. Seems easy enough to do that sort of thing."

I asked Al to show me some of the fine old Manx customs. "Try and arrange something picturesque," I said; "it would always help to fill up the book. How about the installation of a deermster or two, with bands, fishermen in costume, slow music and lime-light effects?"

And Al Kane answered, and said: "The inauguration of the electric light on the new parade takes place this afternoon. I have two tickets for the luncheon."

And this is Manxland! This is the atmosphere that T. P. extolled on the front page of the Weekly Sun! You know how T. P. does the front page? Some day I shall tell you, but not now.

Al Kane and I walked to the new Parade. I suggested a four-wheeler, but Al said he could not afford to risk his reputation for unconventionality by taking so vulgar a vehicle, and there were no hansom on the stand.

As we passed the Balmoral, a little man with a large moustache leered at us and smiled contemptuously.

Al blushed.

"Who is he?" I asked. "I understood you were a little tin god here, Al?"

"Oh, he's only a barber," said Al, deprecatingly; "and, you see, I don't patronize his profession very often. Neither do you, Richard; and the man resents your presence here."

I turned to gaze out over the splendid sweep of shimmering sea that lay between the island and the lowering Lancashire coast, and mused upon the base passions that blind the souls of men and barbers.

Success Must Follow.

The Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

That is the Experience of Mrs. Sydney Druce of Deseronto, who has suffered for Many Years With Rheumatism and Catarrh of the Bowels.

From the Tribune, Deseronto.

Our attention was lately directed to the wonderful cure effected upon a resident of Deseronto, which illustrates in a very marked way the merits of that widely known health restorer, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." We refer to the cure of Mrs. Druce, wife of Sidney Druce, caretaker of the High school building. Being desirous of giving our readers the facts, a reporter of the Tribune called at Mrs. Druce's residence, and is therefore enabled to present our readers with the following facts, which can be vouched for by many neighbors and friends of the family. Mrs. Druce had from the early age of ten years been a sufferer from rheumatism and had endured an untold amount of suffering from this dire disease. She had tried scores of different medicines to dispel the malady but in vain. Doctors told her it was impossible to eradicate the disease from her system, and she had at last become resigned to the belief that rheumatism was incurable. In addition to rheumatism, about seven years ago she began to suffer from catarrh of the bowels, with its attendant headaches and depression of spirits. The pain of the rheumatism and constant headaches wore her out. The doctors prescribed opiates which only dulled the pain, but did not repel the disease. The two diseases continued to make steady headway and at times she felt such pain that she could not even allow her husband to raise or move her. The neighbors thought she would never get up again. All kinds of remedies were suggested, and many of them tried, but all in vain. Providentially, as Mrs. Druce expressed it, the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was mentioned. It was not until the end of the second box that she realized any benefit. She then began to realize that she was regaining strength. Before she mentioned this to others her husband also observed the change, for he remarked one day: "Those pills are doing you some good; you look livelier than you have for some time." She continued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until she had taken fourteen boxes, with the gratifying and almost remarkable results that she was completely cured of the rheumatism and catarrh, not a solitary symptom of either trouble remaining. Mr. Druce was present during the interview, and confirmed all that his wife had said, and was as delighted as she in praising the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Druce said that out of gratitude for this wonderful restoration to health she had told scores of other sufferers from different diseases of the virtues of the medicine which had been the undoubted means of prolonging her life. She hoped that others would follow her plan of giving the pills a fair and prolonged trial, as she was confident that in the end success would surely follow as in her own case.

"Is Mr. Quay a Congressman at large, papa?" asked Tommy Taddells.

"No, Tommy," replied Mr. Taddells; "Mr. Quay is not a Congressman at large. He is a Senator on bail."—Bazar.

ALL PURE CEYLON TEA

Not Ceylon and something else, used to reduce the cost. This is an advantage that all users of

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CEYLON TEA

enjoy. Its goodness manifests itself in millions of Tea Pots daily. Lead Packets Only. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.



NORDHEIMER PIANOS.

15 KING ST. EAST TORONTO.

New English Words.

As a result of the "Literary competition" of the London Academy, a list of new words which have been added to the English language is given to the world. It will surprise most persons that such words have been coined:

Roofor: A letter written after staying with a friend, to express your gratitude for the time spent under his hospitable roof.

Crotion: An occurrence which enables you to "crow" over another person. It is the noun corresponding to Mr. Kipling's interjections, "Gloats, gloats and fids!"

Bluedomer: One who declines to go to church because, he says, he worships God more easily "under the blue dome" of heaven.

Flopulent: One's adipose aunt's method of sitting and reclining.

Glug: A greasy mud peculiar to the streets of large cities.

Sinequonymous: Most essential. Twink: A testy person full of kinks and cranks.

Tilge: Deception of tea which has stood too long, whether warm or cold. Sereel: To feel the sensation produced by hearing a knife edge squeal on a plate.

Smarny: Saying treacherous things which do not sound genuine.—Waverly Magazine.

The Biter Bitten.

Another amusing story comes from a back country district in Australia. At midnight on a bleak rainy night the doctor and his wife were slumbering peacefully when the telephone aroused them. The good wife reached for the telephone at the head of the bed, and repeated the message to her husband: "I'm J—; wife is taken ill; come at once."

"Oh, hang it all!" replied the doctor; "tell him I'm gone to Melbourne, and shan't be back till the day after to-morrow."

Some days later the doctor met the inopportune telephoner and apologized. "I'm sorry I happened to be away when you telephoned for me," he said, affably.

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S.H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. The S.H. & M. Co., 21 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.

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There are other mattresses—many of them from the day of grandmother's billow sack of feathers to a fifty dollar hair mattress. But there is no mattress that is just as good as the Ostermoor. The price ranges from \$9.00 to \$15.00.

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Size 4 x 7, \$2.25.

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These are clean, cool and excellent wearing rugs—another good summer line.

Size 3 x 3, 75 cents.

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THE MODERN
STOVE POLISH
PASTE, CAKE
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Polish on earth.

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A Protection...

Baby's Own Soap is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants.


It makes Babies happy and healthy, and keeps the delicate skin rosy, pink and clean.

Fragrant and pure, it is a perfect soap.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
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you are satisfied, you look right, you know you feel right.

Superior in quality, fit and workmanship. Tailor cut. Hand made. All sizes and lengths to suit all figures.

At nearly all Dry-goods stores.
Any dealer can get them for you.

\$1 to \$30 a pair.

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

See and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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Curtains to be cleaned then sure. Save time and save your curtains by sending them here to be cleaned by proper methods; or phone us and wagon will call for parcel. Nothing approaches our method of cleaning curtains.

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Our Ungrateful Youth.

Too much is heard in these days about the progress of Canada; it is so often and so ardently set forth that we should begin to take our place as a nation, that in contemplating so great an end it is a matter for some reflection whether the present youth of Canada, when their time shall come to be her representatives, will not be at a great disadvantage in lacking those very externals which they are now discarding as unimportant.

To an Englishman or European of birth and breeding, nothing is more striking in a community of young Canadians than the absence of that courtesy and graciousness which distinguishes those moving in the same social scale in older countries. That the young man should be somewhat lacking in polish and brusque of manner, is a matter somewhat to be deplored but often excused on the plea that in a young and struggling country when the men leave home early, they suffer in losing the refining influences of home. But the manners of the girl, and this without the shadow of an excuse, are such as to make the angels weep.

She has had every advantage, social, domestic, and intellectual; her voice may be pretty and her dancing perfect, but her path is not marked by graciousness of speech nor charm of manner. If she meets you in your own house she acknowledges your identity. If in your drawing-room, though older ladies be present, she promptly monopolizes the conversation, and if the subject does not interest her, dismisses the discussion.

If you meet her elsewhere, in her own house or another's, do you belong to her own especial clique, she will be pleased to speak to you. If you do not, if moreover you are a woman and have not the moral support of a husband or brother behind you, then God and your own self-esteem help you! If you are a man, however, she will probably hail you across the drawing-room or verandah, and whether you will or no, you are drawn into her charmed if somewhat noisy circle. At a theater or a dinner party should chance or an indiscriminating hostess place you next to one of these should-be charmers, whom you may not have had the pleasure of meeting, her handling of the situation is unique. She makes no effort to put you at your ease, but either ignores you entirely or carries on an animated conversation with your neighbor on the other side, while you consult your programme or your soup plate and wonder why she was born.

She pays you a visit, and except that she does not conform to any rule in your house unless it please her, is a very charming visitor. She leaves you with honest regret on both sides, but you do not hear from her for a week, perhaps for longer.

At a public ball, what used to be a very charming and brilliant scene is now turned into a bedlam of misery and discomfort for those unfortunate people who are present in the capacity of chaperones or lookers-on. And this is where the young man comes in. The entire absence of courtesy and deference, the oblivion to anything except the comfort and pleasure of the young man and his partner, are here undisguisable.

He with his sister is gradually losing all sense of the courtesies demanded in polite society and certainly desirable at a social gathering. Fushing and jostling, scrambling to get to the refreshment room and back to the floor before the music strikes up again, quite regardless of chaperones, old ladies, or as they would gracefully express it, "any old thing," they charge through the throng, bearing down the weak, pommeling the strong, tearing here some lace, and there a flounce; making withal anything but a pretty picture, a breathless young man with a dishevelled girl on his arm. Unheeding of beauty, of grace or kindness toward other and older people, they keep up the stampede till the rooms are cleared and they have it to themselves.

Happily for us, as age creeps on, we do not always live in a ball room, but the young man in the drawing-room does not always show that deference and respect for the opposite sex which, no doubt, he strongly feels. He lounges in his chair while talking to his hostess and thinks nothing of entertaining her guests with his hands in his pockets. His whole bearing, in fact, is in many cases indicative of careless manners allowed by his mother and sisters to become an unquestioned habit.

Then what a tale unfolds when the unselfish and undying hostess sets herself the thankless task of giving a dance. Though music, floor, and supper are perfect, though she has always been the most hospitable and considerate of hostesses, she is in a panic of anxiety and nervousness lest, in the parlance of the day, enough men do not turn up. Her lists are filled and from the notes of acceptance every-thing promises well; but the experienced hostess knows better. She knows that should anything more diverting occur, should the weather be

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Many of these little unfortunates are not strong enough to bear the worries and troubles of the school-room. Their bodies are not properly nourished. Their blood is deficient in quantity, and thin and weak in quality.

The fault lies in the digestive organs—particularly the stomach. The food the child eats is not digested quickly enough. This impedes the proper and prompt working of the bowels, makes the blood thin and weak, and insuffi-

cient in quantity to nourish the various organs, and repair the waste that is constantly going on in the system.

This deadly defect, which makes the child an easy victim to diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, grippe, or any other disease that may attack it, and when these ailments are escaped, develops into consumption, can be quickly and positively remedied by the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food, promptly and thoroughly, without aid from the stomach. Thus a full supply of rich, red, nourishing blood is ensured, and the child puts on new flesh every day.

The liver and bowels are given fresh strength and energy, and the puny child grows strong and robust. New bone and muscle are formed and the pallid hue of ill-health, gives place to the ruddy glow of strength and vigor.

If your child is weak, thin, and puny, use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will make it strong and healthy.

bad or the sleighing good, there is every possibility of her men disappearing, and hers is the humiliation of knowing that her party is a failure.

At the party the immediate object of the youth is to fill his card. He no longer consults his hostess as to what particular guest she would like honored. If he does not care to dance, even though there are not enough men, he goes up to the dressing-room and smokes in a room which is probably a bedroom and not designed for that purpose.

He takes his hostess, her dance, her floor, her guests, as his right, and if he does not feel inclined he does not think it necessary to turn up at all. He does not consider that he has been honored by her invitation; he does not consider that it is rather a reflection on his hostess that he should look upon her dance as he would a public ball, and moreover he would be perfectly horrified if it were suggested to him that his manners were at all questionable.

Now all this is the outcome not of actual selfishness and disrespect, but of a certain carelessness and indifference as to the comfort and feelings of others, and from the fact that the young people of this country are attaching too little importance to the small graces and amenities of life.

And further, that the women are not setting up an high enough standard of manners for themselves, nor demanding one from the men.

That our girls should be unceremonious and our boys lacking in deference and respect to age and women, is surely not an evil to be lightly dismissed with a laugh and a shrug.

Are we to look forward to a dismal age unadorned by charming old ladies and courtly gentlemen, such as now move among us? Is the name of mother and grandmother no longer to be synonymous with gentle voice and manner and a gracious and dignified presence that is its own shield and breastplate?

Let the women of Canada look to it, that in the race that is before us when we shall be called upon to compete with other nations, since we stand equal in honor, integrity, and all things that go to make a nation, our hands may not be bound nor our feet hindered.

ZAMA.

Toronto, May, 1899.

"It's hard to be happy once you've got a reputation for saying sarcastic things," remarked the sad-eyed man. "What's the trouble?" "I've lost another friend. I complimented him on being the most cool-headed person I ever saw. He took it as an allusion to the fact that he is totally bald."—Washington Star.

Mothers Who Dote on Their Sons.

Daughters who are Entirely Unselfish and are Discriminated Against.

THE perverseness of woman has ever been a favorite target for masculine criticism, the men novelists who plume themselves upon realistically presenting feminine traits, invariably making whimsicality and inconsequence the dominant characteristics of the heroines. Much of the perversity is mere allegation as applied to the whole sex, says Vogue, but there are certain forms of it that appear justly chargeable to women in general. Conspicuous among these is unmerited indifference to filial daughters and idolatrous love of thoroughly selfish sons.

Instances of this perversion of mother love come within the observation of all, and the sympathetic looker-on is equally concerned over the mother's suffering because of the son's indifference, and that of the daughter, who, in spite of all the care and affection she lavishes upon her mother, is made daily to realize that her unworthy brother absorbs most of her mother's love. These unjust mothers seem, as a rule, to be favorites of fortune so far as having always at their service the sympathy and love of a faithful daughter. The pangs they suffer from the son's indifference are in a way made up to them by the devotion of a daughter; but for the latter there is no compensation save the consciousness of duty performed. It may seem a harsh recommendation, but it would certainly be wholesome discipline for these son-centered mothers if the daughter should emulate in a degree her brother's selfishness and cease perpetual self-surrender in behalf of the indifferent mother. It is no part of a daughter's duty to sacrifice all her interests and her pleasures to the exactions of a mother who accepts the whole-souled devotion of a daughter as no more than her due, but who is thrown into a delirium of delight by the most perfunctory act of civility on the part of her son.

Such discipline would compel selfish mothers to a realization of the value of the filial love and service which they now so coolly appropriate as their right. When trouble overtakes them, it is to the unappreciated daughter that they turn, and during long illnesses entailing weary vigils and intense anxiety, it is the daughter who is the watcher, and it is she whose heart is torn with apprehension. She it is who deeply sorrows or rejoices according if the outcome be death or recovery. The idolatry of sons brings with it inevitable misery and what-ever tends to distract the attention

and the interest from the self-indulgent son is wholesome for the mother. She now counts securely upon the sympathy of her daughter expressed in a thoroughgoing sacrifice of herself on the altar of filial love. Less self-abnegation would, without doubt, tend to mitigate the daughter's unhappiness by giving her a larger outlook on life, and consequently a wider range of interests, and it would at the same time rouse in the mother some degree of appreciation of the injustice of her attitude toward her children. Nothing but misery for the two women results from this perverse devotion to masculine selfishness on the part of the mother, and, if the daughter should precede her mother into the world beyond, the condition of the survivor, deprived of the unfailing service of the willing slave, is really tragic. It would be truly enlightened kindness to compel mothers to realize their injustice, and this only the devoted daughter can bring about by the heroic treatment suggested. Even unselfish daughters have rights than son-adoring mothers should be compelled to respect.

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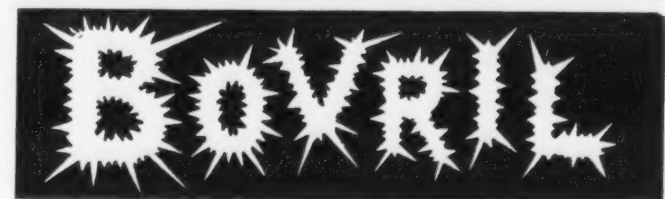
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and the interest from the self-indulgent son is wholesome for the mother. She now counts securely upon the sympathy of her daughter expressed in a thoroughgoing sacrifice of herself on the altar of filial love. Less self-abnegation would, without doubt, tend to mitigate the daughter's unhappiness by giving her a larger outlook on life, and consequently a wider range of interests, and it would at the same time rouse in the mother some degree of appreciation of the injustice of her attitude toward her children. Nothing but misery for the two women results from this perverse devotion to masculine selfishness on the part of the mother, and, if the daughter should precede her mother into the world beyond, the condition of the survivor, deprived of the unfailing service of the willing slave, is really tragic. It would be truly enlightened kindness to compel mothers to realize their injustice, and this only the devoted daughter can bring about by the heroic treatment suggested. Even unselfish daughters have rights than son-adoring mothers should be compelled to respect.

The Shape of the Earth.

London Outlook.

WHEN Sydney Smith wrote of the graceless man "who would even speak disrespectfully of the equator" he must have had a prophetic glimpse of our modern geographers. The beautiful "round earth" of our forefathers, the classic globe of our school days, is no more. In its place we have a distorted and gruesome thing, not only much flatter at the poles and more bulging at the equator than we have been taught, but bulging much more in one meridian than in the others. Instead of an orange, it is almost a lemon lying on its side. Worse yet, its northern hemisphere is larger than the southern, so that, according to Dr. Gregory, it is shaped "like a peg-top," and a "badly-made" one at that.



People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs win back health and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

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that, having undergone other "deformations," no doubt from its extreme age and goutiness. And Professor Darwin is so lost to all sense of respect for hoary antiquity that he rudely declares it to be "more like a potato than an orange." Poor old Mother Earth, to be thus reviled by her children—and parasites! There is one consolation, however, about these unkind personal remarks, and that is, they show her to be still alive and growing—and improving; that the chisel of the Great Sculptor is still at work upon her outlines, hewing out new beauties, softening down harsh lines, rendering her more and more fit for the habitation of man.

The Three Stages.

For the early stage, Scott's Emulsion is a cure. For the second stage, it cures many. And for the last stages of consumption it soothes the cough and prolongs the life.

Housewife—How dare you ask me to feed you again? Hobo—That, ma'am, is a perfunctory secret.—Detroit Journal.

You can travel from Toronto or Hamilton to New York by the C.P.R. and T., H. and B. in connection with the New York Central just as cheaply as by any other line. They furnish the best service. Train leaves Toronto 5:20 p.m., Hamilton 6:25 p.m., with through buffet sleeper. Passengers are landed at Grand Central Station, 42nd street and 4th avenue. Baggage checked and tickets can be procured from agents above lines. For information address H. Parry, General Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R., Buffalo, N.Y.

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For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the mother, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office.....) No. 1700
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Subscriptions for Canada and United States will be received on the following terms:

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 12 TORONTO, MAY 13, 1899. [No. 25]

THE DRAMA

THAT evergreen attraction, The Private Secretary, has been greatly pleasing the patrons of the Princess Theater this week, and a great many people, strange as it may seem to some, have now seen it for the first time. These are persons to be envied—like those who have not yet read Dickens, or Scott, or Thackeray, but have been browsing among the underbrush. There is nothing great about The Private Secretary, but there is a fine lot of fun in it. The Cummings Stock Company has had a successful season, all told, and we may safely conclude that the Princess will go on next season along the same lines. It is too popular a venture to be dropped or greatly changed. But as time goes on it will probably be found necessary to make more frequent changes in the cast of the company, and now and then to bring along stars to present particular plays. As stock companies are prospering in several cities, this will be possible and will continually grow easier of arrangement. To produce a new



Helen Byron singing Kentucky Babe.



play each week and present it twice daily is a very severe strain upon a company.

Tennessee's Partner, the comedy-drama presented at the Toronto Opera House this week, is founded on one of Bret Harte's stories of the West. It is a very interesting little play, but I got such a headache laughing at the fairy-tales of Geewhilkier Hay, that I don't think I could possibly tell the story of the Western "partnership" without getting it all mixed up. The vocal quartette in the first act was immense, and when they sang the Fatal Wedding at the close of it, an old farmer who sat behind me laughed and began to tell some outlandish anecdote of his youth. The Fatal Wedding is so old. But never mind, it is all right, and so is the play.

Mr. David G. S. Connery, M.A., a gifted elocutionist, formerly professor of elocution in Queen's University, and well known in all the large cities of Canada, has become associated with the Toronto College of Music, and will be a decided gain to the teaching and platform talent of the city.

The scenes of The Highwayman, to be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week, are written in an atmosphere of wayside inns, lonely country roads and pastoral glades, when gentlemen at the beginning of the century comforted themselves with the philosophy that if hanging were a bad fate, starvation was worse, and therefore resorted to robbery as a fine art when luck was against them. It is a genuine comic opera, bubbling over with fun and infectious music, and gorgeously mounted. The company is almost precisely the same one that sang this opera here on its previous visit at fancy prices. De Koven and Smith created this comic opera, and it has none of the cheap features that spoil so many efforts—it is consistently musical and artistic throughout, and does not drop to extravaganzas. There are several comic numbers, including The Farmer and the Scarecrow,

A Sailor's Song and Hornpipe, A Jack Tar's Life, Kitty O'Brien, and a topical song, We're on the Track.

The announcement of the appearance of the splendid English actress, Olga Nethersole, at the Grand the last three nights of next week, has naturally set all theatergoers in a state of delightful expectancy. All the things that have been said of Miss Nethersole's performance in the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, written especially for her by Arthur W. Pinero, have caused a desire to see the actress in the part of Paula Ray. Her performance, too, in The Profligate, another of Pinero's plays, is said to be so remarkable that there is also a world of people in this city waiting to see it. Miss Nethersole will also present Camille and Carmen while in Toronto. We have frequently expressed a regret that this excellent English actress did not visit Toronto, where, we think, a cordial welcome is assured.

Julia Marlowe has been nominated by the National Council of Women of the United States to represent that body at the International Council, to convene in London in June. Miss Marlowe will talk about the women of the stage.

James O'Neill will bring his fine company to Toronto for race week, playing the Three Musketeers at the Grand Opera House.

Salaries Paid to Actresses.

IN an article on What It Means to Be an Actress, in one of the current magazines, Viola Allen makes some interesting statements regarding the financial side of the actress's life. The average salary, she declares, does not exceed from \$50 to \$75 a week. "Extras," who have only "thinking parts," get from \$8 to \$10, and a leading woman's salary ranges from \$75 to \$300 or more; but, whatever her rank, the actress's expenses are greater than they would be in almost any other vocation. She will undoubtedly have to travel much, and that means constant hotel bills. In large cities this will probably amount to \$21 a week—at \$3 a day—while in smaller towns the hotels are usually cheaper. Then her laundry and other petty but necessary expenses mount up to at least \$25 a week. "Let us," writes Miss Allen, "consider a young woman in a first-class company—one who has had several seasons' experience and who receives \$80 a week—a very good salary as the average goes. Deducting her weekly expenses of \$25, she has \$55 left. But she has to make up her outlay spent on gowns and hats at the beginning of the season. If her part calls for playing a poor girl who wears shabby clothes, she probably has old home dresses that she uses for the purpose, and of course this is clear gain. But more often she requires three or four smart gowns, and the many accessories that accompany them. Two hundred and fifty dollars is a small allowance for these, particularly in New York, where dressmakers' and milliners' bills are ruinously high. Then it must be remembered that the average theatrical season is of only thirty weeks' duration, so there are apt to be twenty-two weeks of inactivity in the year. By a little mental arithmetic it will be seen that, although the young woman may actually receive \$1,800 during a season, her running expenses amount to just \$1,000, and allowing \$200 for her private wardrobe, she only saves \$800. This is not saved after all if she is entirely dependent upon her own efforts, as it must tide her over the summer. Then the stage dresses may need replacing during the season. There is much wear in the hurried fastening and unfastening of a gown eight times a week, and perhaps trailing them up and down uncarpeted stairs. Then, again, one of the great risks the actress runs is the failure of a play. It may be such a pronounced failure that it is necessary to take it off the stage after a week's performance, but she is only entitled to her salary for the actual time played and for the two weeks that are always granted a manager to cancel a contract. Occasionally, where a small salary is given, her gowns may be furnished, and in costume plays—that is, plays in periods other than modern—all costumes are furnished and designed by a special costumer. But, as a rule, the actress buys her own dresses, and this is not a small item in her expenses, because well dressed above all things she must be.

On the wharf at the foot of Dufferin street on Saturday afternoon last a man and his son sat for three hours fishing in the insupportable waters, and they did not land a single fish. I went down to see them at two o'clock and neither had "got a bite." At five I went to them again, and still they sat with poles over the water and corks bobbing on the waves, and all the encouragement they had had in the interval was that they had had some bait "chewed off," and therefore they concluded that there were fish "in there." I knew just how they felt. Unless that man's wife sent for him, he remained there until after dark. It was rather pathetic, too. The man had probably worked all week in some shop and had talked every night and morning of going fishing. And this was the reality. It is too bad that the railways do not make a cheap Saturday afternoon rate so that workmen and their sons might go out to places where fish can actually be caught. In order to facilitate this sort of thing I shall be obliged if those who know where there is fairly good fishing accessible to the public within an hour's run by rail from Toronto, will write me a line containing such information. There are thousands of men in Toronto who have the fishing fever on them just now—men who had fine fishing up country somewhere when they were boys and would like to get a line in the water again if it were possible.

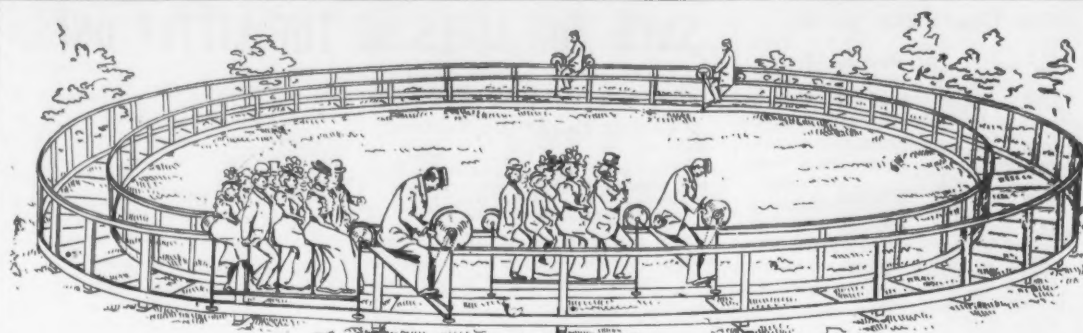
SPORTING COMMENT

ELLEVILLE has a Forest and Stream Club, and if it at all lives up to the programme issued for 1899—and this is the twelfth annual programme—it must be an excellent club with a tendency to make Belleville a fine city to live in. The objects of the club are to protect fish and game and to encourage all kinds of legitimate sport by field or stream. The membership fee is but one dollar a year, and this seems to be sufficient to pay the slight expenses of the organization. Yet it may be a very influential club, and I am giving these details in the hope that true sportsmen elsewhere may see fit to start similar organizations in other towns and cities. The programme consists in trap shooting and rifle matches that extend through the summer, and angling and trolling competitions that begin on the Queen's Birthday and come to an end on September 20. For instance, the members have before them for May 24 these inducements to go fishing:

For the 12 heaviest rock bass, rod given by W. W. Chown & Co.; 12 heaviest perch, prize value \$1.50 by W. Deacon; 12 heaviest sunfish, Fishing Gazette one year; heaviest pike or pickerel, American Angler one year. Start 8 a.m., run 9 p.m.

There follows on June 7 a fly-casting tournament, and with the opening of the black bass season there begins a series of fortnightly competitions—every second Wednesday—that extend until September 20. In all these events there are prizes, donated by officers or members of the club, or by business firms in Belleville or elsewhere, and also some special prizes to be awarded at the end of the season to the one who has caught the largest black bass, and to the one who has caught the three largest. The officers of the club are: Honorary president, Mr. H. Corby, M.P.; honorary vice-president, Mr. W. H. Biggar; president, Mr. Thomas Ritchie; vice-presidents, Messrs. W. Deshaene and Mr. T. Purvis; treasurer, Mr. J. E. Walmsley; secretary, Mr. Joseph Templeton; directors, Messrs. M. Wright, Major Casswell, W. Ormond, M. D. Ward, J. H. Mills, S. W. Vermilyea, W. Douglas, James Gillick, R. S. Bell and E. Hubbard.

There are places in Ontario where black bass and speckled trout are caught out of season and where little fish are improperly caught in season, and the organization of such a club as this would quickly tend to make fishing a much more respectable sport than it is. A few fishermen, organized for action, can do a great deal more to elevate the sport than an inspector, however great the powers reposed in him. A few men fishing out of season can do more harm than a whole town fishing in season, and usually those who fish out of season do so through sheer ignorance. They have never been made to fully understand why there is a close season, and think it rather clever to evade the regulations. There should be a fishing club in every town, for in every town there are fish-killers who need to be clubbed.



THE HOTCHKISS RADIAL BICYCLE.

AN invention that promises to quite revolutionize sport at summer resorts and in public parks is about to be introduced in Toronto and other places, and we here give a pen-and-ink drawing that conveys some idea of what it is. The Hotchkiss Radial Bicycle beats all roller-coasters, switchbacks and merry-go-rounds completely, and not only so, but the principle of it applies to larger undertakings, so that lines can connect one park with another, or one summer resort with another. It can be built wherever a board fence can be put up, so that it is exactly the kind of transit necessary in Muskoka and other resorts where the ground is uneven or where woods abound.

A small model of the invention is on exhibition at Mr. Van Every's ticket office, Yonge street. The patent for Canada is controlled by Messrs. Felcher and Rudkins of Peterboro', Mr. William Rudkins having bought the patent, and Mr. L. B. Felcher having purchased a half interest in it. The Radial Bicycle is the work of Hotchkiss, the celebrated inventor. The principle is similar to that of the bicycle—it runs on a single rail about three feet from the ground, and the rider pedals as on a wheel. No balancing is, however, required, and the pleasures of wheeling can be enjoyed by everyone. A brake makes it easy to stop in an instant. The chief advantage is that one man can pedal his whole family, so that elderly people may enjoy a mild exhilaration which no other amusement of the kind can offer.

Proposals are already made for introducing the invention at various summer resorts. The most important arrangement yet entered into by Messrs. Felcher & Rudkins is the building of a track connecting Chemong Park, Burleigh Falls and Buckhorn, a distance of about twenty miles. This will be got under way very soon, and probably the radial bicycle will be running in Toronto almost as soon. We understand that illustrated circulars explaining the whole matter can be secured by writing to Messrs. Felcher & Rudkins, Peterboro', or to Mr. C. C. Tilley, general agent, 70 Bay street, Toronto. It must not be forgotten that this form of transit is not only suited for circular tracks in parks, but for lines connecting distant points, and goes up hill and down with the greatest ease.

whose names were taken on College street on Tuesday evening were wholly unconscious of any infraction of the regulations, and were, in some cases, men who never expected in this world to act as to require a policeman to lay detaining hands upon them. Men who needed only to know the law in order to faithfully observe and promote the enforcement of it, have this week found themselves in the hands of the police. The hoodlum a-wheel is a wary fellow, and when he sees a policeman ahead gives him a wide berth, and I think the men caught have largely been the wrong ones. I have been unable to find any two bicycle riders who agree in explaining what the rules now are—these rules that policemen are enforcing. Three wheels must not run abreast, that seems clear. You must pass on the left of a bicycle if you overtake it, and on the left of a vehicle if you overtake it, but if you overtake a street car you must pass on the right. This is a difference that confuses many. The opinion among wheelmen has been that it was permissible to pass a street car on the devil-strip if the car was standing still, but a car seems to have stood still for this purpose at College and Spadina on Tuesday evening, and two policemen filled a book with names. The police were less active on Queen street, but the street railway sprinklers had made the track allowance dangerous for wheelmen, and they were driven north into the net. It would be very painful to learn that the Street Railway Company enjoys the discomfiture of wheelmen—wet tracks about six o'clock and policemen baiting cyclists with standstill cars and a regulation never properly explained before. And what about vehicles? One cart going west against the cur, and another, a length behind, going west against the car-track, can hold the street against wheelmen going west as the rules now are, and those horses may be walking. Vehicles make no attempt to fall into line. Bicycle paths were laid on the sides of Arthur street, and vehicles get their right wheels on these paths and hold them against bicycles—one path being better than the other, vehicles get on it going the wrong way and hold it when meeting wheelmen. It is estimated that there are 25,000 bicycles in use in Toronto this year, and while it is absolutely necessary to have and to enforce regulations, it should also be necessary to impose rules on vehicles. When a car overtakes a teamster who is driving along the rails he usually pulls across into the other track, where he has no right to be. If wheelmen are to be so sternly dealt with, this teamster should be kept to his own side of the road. Jail or fine the hoodlum on a wheel, but also tax the hog on a wagon, for he disarranges the whole traffic of a street for blocks. THE UMPIRE.

What Would You Do With a Windfall?

Some Recent Legacies in England Made Short Work of Their Money.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, according to a cablegram from England during the past week, states that he intends to dispose of his fortune of \$300,000,000 while he is alive, retaining only sufficient to leave his daughter reasonably rich, but not a great heiress. His purpose is, he says, to devote his money to useful purposes, and henceforth he will make a study of ways and means of turning his millions to account. Of course the cablegram may turn out to be a fraud. It will, however, undoubtedly cause thousands of letters to pour in upon Mr. Carnegie from all kinds of philanthropic and educational institutions, and from zealous advocates of reforms of all kinds. Private persons, too, are sure to write asking for a few thousands out of the vast store. It is a singular fact that men who are unused to money are often ruined by the sudden acquisition of comparative wealth, as several recent cases in England serve to show.

A short time ago a young man, living in a small town in Hampshire, unexpectedly came into a comfortable sum of money from a relative who died suddenly abroad. The effect was surprising. From a sober, hard-working young man of methodical habits, he suddenly changed into a hare-brained young madman of no method but madness. His first act as a man of fortune was to buy up every pint of beer and every bottle of wine and spirits in the two public-houses of his town, and then he gave out to his fellow-townsmen that free

drinks would be obtainable by whosoever demanded them until the supply was exhausted. The effect of this promulgation was simply magical. Work stopped as if it had suddenly become an impossibility, and from a quiet town the place was immediately transformed into a veritable bear-garden. Sobriety became a distinguishing characteristic of the people by its rarity. The police were helpless to stem the tide of intoxication. The two inns were deluged with drink and drinkers; the latter, having obtained all they could carry, and in some cases more, retired to sleep in the market-place, whence they were carried to the police station. There was no protest against this action of the police; no one who was sufficiently interested to protest was sober enough to do so. Not until early next day, when the people had gone to sleep off their debauch either at their homes or at the police station, did the town assume its wonted aspect. Between forty and fifty charges of drunkenness were made before the local magistrates during the day following, and the police explained that they made that the limit because of the lack of accommodation at the station. Proving the courage of his convictions, the young man at whose door rested the whole responsibility for the chaos, paid the whole fines and costs imposed in every case; and then he retired, clothed in popularity.

In the foregoing case the freak was to a small extent excused by the youthfulness of the legatee, but there was no such excuse in the following case, which was of even more recent occurrence. A humble grocer was suddenly seized with a severe attack of a disease called "windfall," which carried in its wake an acute touch of madness. The grocer woke one morning to find himself worth some few hundreds a year. He took down his shutters, set his wife in the shop, and rushed off to a printer's. The same evening the town was placarded with an announcement that "a splendid going paying grocery and provision merchant's business" was to be raffled off, and that tickets for the raffle could be obtained, free of charge, at the shop of the business itself. "Free of charge" is always an irresistible advertisement, and the raffle tickets were scooped up at a prodigious rate. The day of the raffle came, and the prize fell to the cobbler of the town, who determined to take over the business at once, despite the fact that he was entirely ignorant of how to conduct it, and possessed no capital. Every one but the cobbler and the grocer was so jealous of the cobbler's good fortune in winning such a valuable prize that they boycotted the shop from that moment forth, with the result that in a very short time the shop had shutters up, and Mr. Cobbler was back at his last again.

Some fortune inheritors seem to have a little difficulty in understanding the amount of which they have become possessed. At first flush they are carried away with the strange notion that, having come into money, their extravagance may be unlimited. Such seems to have been the impression of a Birmingham builder, who had a windfall of £3,000. He closed his business the moment he heard of his good fortune, drew all his money out of the bank, and went to London. There he hired an expensive suite of rooms at an imposing hotel, and set to living at the rate of some thousands a year. He spent all the money taken from his abandoned business, which he presented to his foreman, and by the time the legacy could be actually made over to him, he had incurred debts equal to more than half the total legacy. Still he did not slacken his pace. He kept his sumptuous suite at the hotel, dined in regal fashion every evening, went to the theater in first-class style, and did not stop until he suddenly discovered that he was actually insolvent. A few days after making this discovery he crawled back to Birmingham and induced his late foreman to take him into partnership in the business of which eight months before he had been the sole proprietor.

Either women very rarely come into money or they know what to do with it when they do. For a woman's head to be turned by good fortune is a very uncommon event. Only one such case is on record, and certainly the lady in that instance did her best to distinguish her sex. She was a governess and the daughter of a clergyman, and unexpectedly inherited a comfortable fortune from a late employer. The first thing she did was to hire a theater on a long lease at very disadvantageous terms to herself. Then she engaged a company of capable

actors and actresses, and set them rehearsing a play she had written years before, in which she was to play the principal character. The play came off, but it did not go on. She wrote and produced another, which was also distinguished by being an utter failure.

Auditing the Books.

The Young Ladies of the Daffodil Bicycle Club Pursue Business Methods.

THE bicycle season has commenced. I began riding my wheel last Monday, so it has been under way for a week now. The Daffodil Bicycle Club has also started business for the season. It has elected an honorary president and half a dozen honorary vice-presidents, and found enough secretary-treasurers and things to go around among the members. The club's books have been audited and found correct. Mr. Fudger and I know all about that part of the business.

The Daffodil Bicycle Club is very select. It only admits idealistic young ladies, and brutal male persons are excluded altogether. Therefore both Mr. Fudger and myself were somewhat surprised and alarmed on being informed by a card that we had been elected to audit the club's books. I asked George what I had done to deserve this honor, but he said he did not know. As for himself, he put it down to his good looks. We arrived at the house of the secretary, feeling safer together. The secretary had placed her back parlor at our disposal. There we found the honorary treasurer, and the honorary assistant secretary, and a vice-president or two, all ready and remarkably eager to have the books inspected to the uttermost extent.

We took our places at a table, George and I, facing each other with the "books" between us. It was a square table. On the other sides sat the honorary treasurer and the equally honorary secretary, respectively, each to each, as we used to say in Euclid. Then George and I inspected the books. We were armed with blue pencils and we did great execution. Every figure that stuck his head above the line got a blue tick. If we didn't understand anything we'd ask the honorary secretary to explain it. If she couldn't give a satisfactory account we'd refer to the honorary treasurer. She'd say: "Oh that's all right—you wouldn't understand that if I told you."

"But we've got to understand it," we'd say. "That's what an auditor's for. Here you've paid out seventy-three dollars for ribbon. Now that's extravagance to say the least of it."

"That means seventy-three cents," said the honorary secretary severely.

"You've got it in the dollar column," said we.

"Oh well," said she, "I understand."

"But you've totalled it up in the dollar column."

"I told you you wouldn't understand," said the honorary treasurer impatiently. "If you think the treasurer has misappropriated the club funds, say so, but I'm sure the girls will refuse to hear of anything so ridiculous."

"You're too silly for anything," said the honorary secretary.

"Yes, aren't they?" said two or three of the vice-presidents.

Without more ado we put a blue tick opposite the pink and white ribbon item. When we had blue-pencilled the ledger and the cash-book and the vouchers, and two or three crumpled bits of paper brought forth from the honorary treasurer's purse, we felt that we were getting an insight into modern business. Finally we signed each book and marked it O.K., we put down our pencils with a sigh of relief, and rose from the table to discuss matters with the assembled honorary vice-presidents.

Five minutes afterward we glanced back at the table. The secretary and treasurer were hard at work. They were going over the books. It seems in casually glancing at the ice-cream account the honorary treasurer's suspicions had been aroused. She had investigated. The account was two hundred and fourteen dollars out! As the total amount of money received and paid out, and balanced exactly in the cash-book, was thirteen dollars and fifteen cents, this alarming discrepancy in the ice cream account was especially remarkable. We let them wrestle it out together, however, there being a plentiful supply of vice-presidents. At the end of two hours they had got it down to fifty-nine dollars. We took our leave at this juncture.

The honorary secretary and treasurer and several vice-presidents saw us to the door.

"We certify the books to have been audited and found correct," said Mr. Fudger.

"If anybody touches them, mind, we won't be responsible," said I.

"You'll find the auditors' blue pencil mark after every extension and at the foot of every column," said Fudger.

"And their signatures in pen and ink at the end," added I.

"Good-night," said the secretary and the treasurer and the honorary vice-presidents.

"Good night," said we. We heard later that the secretary and treasurer sat up all night and worried the discrepancy down to twenty-nine cents.

As for George and me, feeling somewhat unstrung, we went over to Yonge street and had a light supper. S. H.

"Why does he make all those motions with his arm before he pitches the ball?" "Those are signals to the catcher. The two men always work in concert." "Dear me! Is that the 'concert pitch' I've heard about so often?"—Chicago Tribune.

"What's your purpose here?" asked the savage. "We're going to civilize you," answered the white man who had just landed. "Ah! What method do you use—Springfield, Lee-Metford, or Krag-Jorgensen?"—Washington Star.

Moths have strange tastes: they appear in furs in midsummer.—Life.

The Soup Course.

Her First Luncheon in Her Bridal Home.

Of course she was intensely green. She had never made any pretensions to holding the keys to house-keeping mysteries. "I know how things ought to be," she would say with a shy smile, "and I can detect the slightest hitch as quickly as a president of a University of Domestic Science. But to know how to do it; oh, that's another matter!—Shall I tell you about my luncheon yesterday? Dear old Maud said the soup course was funny enough for Punch. Indeed! Well, Punch and Punch's editors sha'n't use my affair as a source of amusement, so there! Now, I had six courses, and the girls said it was a dream of a luncheon, and Madam Recherché from Quebec, in whose honor I gave it, patted me on the back and cried: 'La petite Madame has excelled. One day she shall be an excellent hostess.' The little bride answered nothing, but prayed that she might never become an excellent hostess if the art demanded the continual nervous strain which preceded the present ordeal.

"The girls said it was a dream," she said archly to Norman (her husband) that night. "A dream, indeed, Norman, dear, why, it was Tuesday night, only the evening before that I had the nightmare—that awful nightmare when I dreamt I was on a river of celery soup and my boat was a fried oyster. When I awoke I imagined the guests were pelting me with fish croquettes, and for protection I crawled into the china cabinet and—but, dearest, that is my dream—you want to know

—and had forgotten it, and one foot had sort of melted and bent over. O, I was sick. Maud had to run for a glass of wine, and as she opened the dining-room door I heard Edith's voice singing, 'It's Bit-Bit-Bit-Bitter,' and that just finished me and I just cried. But Maud is such a dear; I'd have died, simply died without her.

"Get the soup-plates at once, cook," she ordered peremptorily. "It is not exactly correct—and decidedly restaurant style—European plan—but in this emergency we shall have to have each soup-plate filled and at each place when we sit down."

"Well, Norman dear, cook, Louisa and Maud proceeded to fill the dishes, when, horrors, there was not enough to go around.

"Now I was just at the stage of grasping any straw, so I dried my eyes, rushed to the cream-pitcher, and filled one soup-plate with cream! 'Put it at my place—sure,' I whispered, as I slipped my arm through Maud's and went back to the drawing-room.

"Three minutes later the gong sounded and your little bride took her place with much forced dignity at the head of the table, and proceeded to primly sip pure, unadulterated, cold cream.

"When I was young, Madam Recherché began, after the first course, 'I was taught that it was exceeding bad form to notice—to praise—to speak at all about that which madame, my hostess, possessed. Now, mon Dieu, they tell me the old conventionality is abandoned. It is au fait to praise, to delight my hostess by kind allusions. So, madame, petite

A strange and surely factitious energy has entered into every curious cult. Moreover, by a remarkable species of mental atavism we have "thrown back" to the foibles of the middle-ages—and are busily striving to endue their myths with the verity of scientific exposition. For example, how long have we smiled at those old adventurers and dreamers who sought the Elixir of Life and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth? Yet now we have the grave proposition to prolong life indefinitely through the use of compounds made from the corresponding parts of animals. The alchemist in his secret laboratory, bending above his furnace, his crucibles and retorts, seeking the secret of the transmutation of metals, has been for long relegated to the gallery of discredited charlatans, but now not far from New York there is a laboratory where by secret processes they strive to transmute silver into gold. We have been prone to smile and wonder at the hysterical obsession which possessed men and women when Mesmer professed to cure all ills by a mysterious "mental fluid." To-day we have the cult of the Christian Scientists; the one great difference in the latter-day prophets of these peculiar crazes is that in place of using the picturesque metaphor of the myth mongers they describe their aims and intents in a bastard jargon of pseudo-science. The fact is, one may pipe in whatever fashion he pleases and he will find some ready to dance to his piping. In that city where the gigantic iron phalange finger of the Eiffel tower points daringly at heaven, Satan has his worshippers, and decadent souls steeped in the languors of infinite spiritual exhaustion, having tripped of every religion, find solace, or at least oblivion, in the ecstasies of those dark rites which the negroes of Louisiana practice in lonely cabins. In Paris, too, the Temple of Isis is a building—and ere long the ancient Queen of Egypt her initiates, her priests, her acolytes; sages skilled in the lore of the Chaldees will scan the stars from her temple roof—Astarte and Hecus, Osiris and Bubastis, will once more live in men's mouths, and past this temple the horseless carriages, the ugliest product of modern utilitarianism, will whiz and whirl as they do in London by the secret shrine of Buddha, where the many converts to the abstract Eastern theology go to pay the rites offered by the brown people of India to their gods.

The bacillus of the impossible has infected science, which considers itself so impeccable—thus we have Schenck essaying to tether the wilful wings of Eros, and Tesla dreaming of discharging a death-dealing wave, which with one breath shall lay an army low—one would hardly think, to see Tesla lunching at Delmonico's, that he dreamed of usurping the peculiar functions of Astarte!

More money is given now to send our shining light to them that sit in darkness than ever before, and the commodity which brings the highest price in the wide market-place of the world, the commodity for which all the nations of the earth bid, is an improvement in weapons of war.

Truly, "Tis a mad world, my masters!" JOANNA E. WOOD.

The Love That Was Photographed.

By Charles Stewart in the Sketch.

L—HIS CYLINDER.
MY darling Cynthia, the phonograph has just arrived, and I hasten to act on your charming idea that we should hear each other talk when we are apart instead of only having the—chilliness of words in black and white. (Turning his head: "Why the deuce she should get such an idea!") Yet, after all, how can I speak to you on a faceless and thoughtless phonograph, when it is your face that I am dying to see and your little ear that I am dying to whisper into? The sight of you is the only thing that satisfies me, so how can I be satisfied with such a worldly, callous thing as a phonograph? And, if one's heart is not satisfied, how can one say the things that one feels, the things that stir in one's—er—heart? I take out your photograph—I take out your (Where on earth—?). As I say, darling, I take out your photograph from the pocket near my heart where it lives (Dash the thing! It's Belinda's!), to pretend I am speaking to your own sweet little self. But at the sight of it I am only too dumb and think of you. And when I am thinking of you, telling over your beauties to my deepest heart, how can I be so soulless as to pour out my soul on a phonograph, of all inert things! (Who's that? John! Come in. No, not whiskey this morning; brandy and soda.) The one thing that gives me happiness is the thought that, though apart, there is a connecting link between us, even if it is only represented by a squeaking cylinder. (But that's the tape, John. Where are you, John? John! See if Catapetes runs in the first race. Thanks. Now go.) And it is just that connecting link, squeaking cylinder and gaping tube though it is, that brings such heavenly joy to my soul. Oh, Cynthia, a man would serve and wait for years, a man would make no end of a fool of himself only for love of you! For one kiss I could give up all that other men call happiness. (How on earth I am to chuck Belinda, I don't know. I suppose a man must, though. . . .)

Dearest, what did you, what could you mean last night by asking me if I had ever loved anyone else? How can you doubt me? Do I doubt you? I was horrified. Such a spirit is the ruin of married life. The woman who would be happy must trust her husband absolutely. When is a man safe if a little unfledged goose like you—ahem!—I mean, never, never, darling, tell yourself such a thing again. It was almost treachery to me for you even to think—Could a man love as devotedly, as—er—unselfishly as I love you, rich though you are, if he had ever given a thought to another woman? Could



"Does the Smith family live on the second floor of this house?"
"Oh, no. They have gone long ago. But go right on up, a family by the name of Mayor lives there now, and they are real nice people."
—Fleeting Blotter.

a man look into your eyes if he had ever looked with love into another woman's? You know he couldn't. Let that be our last word on the subject. I forgive you, so don't cry your pretty eyes out.

I am simply inundated with business this morning. Every moment I am called away; but the whole world should wait rather than I'd miss phoning you as I promised. (By Jove, though, if I don't look sharp over the thing, I'll miss that Goodwood special! Hang it all! I must see Catapetes run his first race.) I would give anything to come and drive with you in the park instead of slaving here. (That reminds me—B. must return that brougham. It will do you nicely for Cynthia.) But I shall not be able to do more than dine with you to-night, darling. Work presses very hard, and I want to clear off everything before our marriage. You little know the incessant toil of my life, the constant sacrifice of pleasure to the one dull grind. But, darling, it is all worth while. I would do a hundred times as much for your sake.

When we are married, there mustn't be a care in the world. And how soon that will be! Only three weeks! (Yes, Belinda really must clear out of that Monte Carlo house. By-the-by, why not spend the honeymoon there?) Oh, the thought of three weeks to-day (or to-morrow!) stirs my soul to its very depths. (Yes, I rang, John. Brandy and curacao. And call me a cab.)

And now, my dearest own, I must say good-bye. There must be a throng of clients in my room. I haven't even time to hear this thing through its lesson. For ever your own CLAUD.

II.—HER CYLINDER.

WHAT an amusing machine this is, and what a curious clicking sound it makes! though, even now—and I read your cylinder quite three hours ago—I hear its ticking less than the beating of my heart. I am glad, anyhow, that at first you liked the idea. It was nice to hear your voice; I'd never really heard it before. How strange it seemed without you!

How curious that your horse Catapetes was only beaten a head! Are two heads better than one heart—because a few hours ago you might have had your choice of either head or heart? Now, there is only my head left. And it has suddenly become most unreasonable. That is, it even reasons. To hear your cylinder "through its lesson" was almost better than a play—if, indeed, a love-play without a heroine could ever be put on the stage. I do not say without a hero, because that has happened before, hasn't it? My only regret is that I cannot take the other leading part in such a perfect style. But at least as a critic, I will try to shine, more especially as you cannot yet understand how fully your part was appreciated.

Why, for instance, did you have only two drinks this morning—in the play? Surely, a few more, judiciously interspersed, would have lent more color and passion to the thing? Not that that was wanting, either. And you did it passing well, too. I find no fault on that score. Then, again, why didn't you drink champagne instead of brandy? It is ever so much more effervescent, and even you must agree that, in your letter, effervescence plays a somewhat leading part. Indeed, it drowns the should-be heroine.

Why, too, did you send John so quickly out of the room? Surely one listener more or less would make no odds—to use your own expression! There are two here—the girl that was myself, and a strangely calm and reasonable woman whom I don't quite understand yet. At least, I fully understand her when I feel her laughing at that stricken girl who lay huddled up crying on the sofa. How she cried, too! I really quite believe she thought her heart was breaking. How delicious! Besides, John's laugh, though somewhat boisterous, no doubt, would have lent power, if only as a precedent. At least, it would have been honest. Though that might be galling, and might even spoil its stage-effect. Did you doubt his quality as worthy critic, or did you fear his mirth might prove infectious? Yet, why should that have mattered, either? And among those tales a laugh would photograph as well, I know. No, I cannot think why John could not remain. He might, indeed, have lent a hint or two.

Then the mixing of those photographs—that, for you, was poor indeed! I thought such faults would surely shame a novice! But, enough—let us see how we stand. First and foremost, of course, the brougham will not need doing up—at least, I mean, for me. That will save a little. Then there's no necessity for any expense about

the changing of the house—or its occupant. That's on the credit side, too. Then there comes the saving of another honeymoon. Your loss of time, too. This, however, I dare not attempt to estimate. The ring, of course, is at least a dinner or so to the good. The bridesmaids' presents a week at Monte Carlo, for certain.

On the whole, it seems a very good credit list indeed. The phonograph has been decidedly a success. Nothing on the debit side at all. Nothing, excepting, of course, me; but then, as I said before, I am not the Me you knew at all. I am the calm and reasonable woman, beginning to learn—shall I admit it?—a rather difficult part, gaining nothing if I succeed, and with only a private breakdown if I fail. But, with such a lesson, and with such a brilliant lead, how can I fail? CYNTHIA.

Pesheew: The Lynx.

ON warm nights when the fire-flies flick the dark, and the lightning writes up shorthand on the sky, and the thunder bellows deeply, menacing rain, and the wind whistles between its teeth, the banshee cry of Maung, the loon, from far out in the lake, is answered from the woods on the shore by the wild screech of Pesheew, the lynx.

Except Shub-shubge, the crane, Pesheew is the only friend Maung has.

Pesheew has no friends save Maung and Kokoko, the owl. He is a lonely beast and walks soft-foot under the branches, in the thick dark, all night, and is mostly silent. He is not a companionable animal in any way.

Of all the wild things Pesheew is the least demonstrative by habit. But his screech is the most grisly sound that any native animal can utter, and men shudder when they hear it, though they have no fear of Pesheew, of whom no man has reason to be afraid, for he is not formidable. But Pesheew is a beast of vicious tendencies. On occasions he attacks man with brisk and business-like alacrity and the worst intentions. He mostly projects himself violently from a branch that you happen to be passing under, and arrives with suddenness on your shoulders, and begins the unpleasantness with his very long and very sharp claws. But if you have a pocket-knife, or an axe, or anything in the nature of a gun, the ultimate result is never a matter of doubt. Though you may get badly mangled.

Of all the beasts in the forest Pesheew has the most forbidding countenance. There is nothing in his face that is in the least indicative of gentleness or sweetness of mind. Downright and thorough-paced viciousness is written all over it. And there is always an evil light in his eyes—the sulphur yellow eyes that shine like lamps in the dark. Oh, he has a nasty eye in his head!

Once on a time, in March, the month of the crust on the snow, as the Cheep-i-ways say, there was a lynx in a cedar swamp on Seagow Island. In the hours when the moonlight was brightest he used to come out into the clearing and walk in a circle, purring.

One night I saw him by chance and, being a boy, I was very badly frightened. But Pesheew did not see me, and I departed with speed. He was the only living lynx I have ever seen in my life, though I have heard the voices of many. I don't want to see another.

Pesheew is a hardy brute and clings to life tenaciously. He will starve for a longer period of time without giving up the ghost than any other animal. Also he is wary and somewhat difficult to trap. On this account there are many lynx in the north country, and no fears need be entertained that Pesheew will be exterminated. There is no cause for anxiety about Pesheew. But his skin is worth much wampum, and therefore the trappers and hunters and the settlers hunt him with energy.

When the thunder bellows, and rolls about the wilderness lake among and between the big lumps of granite that we call islands, and the lightning darts its yellow flames savagely downward at the places where the raw iron shows red-brown upon the surface, Pesheew will lie out on a pine branch and scream continuously like a very bad-tempered child, because he does not like thunder. And when you are walking in a big still pinery where there is no sound but the lonely murmur of the wind in the branches and you are thinking your most solemn thoughts, of a sudden from nowhere in particular you will hear the ghastly whine of Pesheew, and it makes you jump. Pesheew is couchant upon a low branch watching you. But you cannot find him with your eyes.

There is no instance of a lynx having been tamed by humans. All the other animals in the Northern woods, except Gung-waa-je, the wolverine, have made friends with men on occasions. Even She-gog, the skunk, the shyest of the wild things, has been domesticated to my certain knowledge. But Pesheew of the black heart and the ugly countenance and the velvet foot, has always remained outside the pale.

It will be seen that I do not admire Pesheew: the forest would be pleasanter without him. MARTIN POGUE, May, '99.

Search Us, O God.

Search us, O God, and know our heart,
If we a proven people be,
Found worthy to be Thine elect:
Our altars, lo, they stand to Thee;
Our offerings, have they Thy respect?

Our offerings, have they Thy respect?
Search us, O God, and know our heart,
Twere shame to shun the world-old toil,
Yet seek in old-world hopes a part,
To shun the strife, to share the spoil.

To shun the strife, to share the spoil;
Our hands are raised against the thought,
Search us, O God, and know our heart,
With what price have our fathers bought
Our birthright of a sheltered mart?

Our birthright of a sheltered mart,
Where we forget Thy chastening rod,
Our hopes are high, our words not tame,
Search us, and know our heart, O God,
A people's prestige we would claim.

A people's prestige we would claim—
Claim even now in ease at home:
Before Thy winepress must be trod,
Ere tests of shame or bloodshed come,
Search us, and know our heart, O God,
COLLIS CLOUDESLEY.

Levity versus Celebrity.

REAT people are the biggest fakes extant," said the girl who didn't know anything. "How can you say such a thing!" cried the girl who knew everything, quite horrified.

"Well, I met two of 'em at the soiree yesterday and they alternately bored me to death! One was Herr Blitzenrechner, the mathematician, and the other was a celebrated painter. I had a little amusement at the expense of the painter, but very little out of my conversation with the 'lightning addition' man. I didn't know who he was at first, he looked like a reporter on a newspaper, and I was asking him if he knew the great mathematician. I said I was afraid to meet him because I could barely 'do' decimal fractions. Then you should have seen the reporter turn into a giant—he said such ignorance was disgraceful in a girl who pretended to be well-bred. He told me to get an arithmetic book and study three hours a day till it became easy. Of course I saw at once who he was, but, without showing that I did, I said, 'Why, one would think you could do arithmetic the way you talk.' This made him mad and he said he could measure the strength of resistance that an iron bridge would have against a train, or ascertain the distance away of a boat on the lake by measuring the height of the bank and subtracting, or something—all in his head. I only laughed incredulously and said one would think he was old Blitzenrechner himself. Then you would have died laughing to see him take a long breath and introduce himself. I took it very coolly—considering. There might have been a fight, because Herr B.'s coat-tails were trailing aggressively, but Angelina came up and introduced the artist man, and carried off the mental arithmetic fiend. The artist was unknown to me; I didn't like his looks, so I pretended to be shy. To pretend to be dead scared of a person makes the person show his worst characteristics. He took a dislike to me at once, so he was as disagreeable as possible. 'Miss Angelina said you were such a clever girl,' he observed with well feigned disappointment. 'Oh, I've heard that said about people that weren't even as clever as you look,' I answered with well feigned admiration in my expression. He thought I was too stupid to be sarcastic, so he let that remark pass. Then the brilliant idea of mixing identities occurred to me. I began to discuss geometry with him. 'Wasn't it fun calculating the strength of resistance and doing equations? I just adored geometry—and what about the new theory of—' I used all Herr Blitzenrechner's expressions with a few of my own, and the 'painter of art,' as I called him impersonally (much to his disgust), got so bewildered that he began to think he had mistaken identities himself. I think the awful thought flashed through his mind that I was Herr Blitzen's daughter or aunt, because he looked about for a means of escape once or twice. I began to be remorseful myself, then, and gave him a chance to show some individuality by asking him which one of Grimm's fairy tales he liked best, but he couldn't rise to an occasion a bit. He only smiled cynically and did not remember any of them. Great! What do people at soirees know about great people, I'd like to know!"

The girl who knew everything sat up very straight.

"Great people are the ones who do something better than anyone else, or better than usual," she said. "I hate a person who tries to do a whole lot of things and fails to do anything properly," with a meaning look at the girl who didn't know anything. "If you could do even one thing well, it would make you a person of some importance, but no one who is lazy and ambitious at the same time ever amounts to a row of pins; in fact, a girl like that should be isolated."

The girl who didn't know anything looked wistful for a second, then began to laugh. She laughed in every key, merrily, sympathetically, and then jeeringly, in turn.

"I can do something well, I can laugh," she said comfortably.

"So you can," said the girl who knew everything, enviously. JI.



"I was in Despair."

about that funny, queer old luncheon to-day—my little 'hen' luncheon. Well, when the people came downstairs (there were only six, dear), of course they were ushered into the drawing-room. I suppose it was not strictly correct, but after they got chatting nicely I slipped away and flew to the kitchen to see how all was progressing. Louisa is so stupid at times, you know, and cook is even worse. O, Norman, I do hope Madam Recherché did not think my exit from the drawing-room very improper—anyway, even if she did, brides are excused from conventionalities—and after all—I'm only a poor little tiny-winey mite of a bride—and, O, Norman, I don't care—I do wish we had gone to board instead." Here Norman wiped away a shower of tears and tenderly kissed a pair of very pretty blue eyes.

"Never mind, little pussy," he said, fondly; "never mind. I sha'n't let my little pet be bothered any more by a crowd of old-hens, there!"

The little bride smiled through her tears and went on. "Well, Norman dear, I spent all morning—three mortal hours—boiling celery for the cream of celery soup. O it was so tedious! I nearly cried. Now don't smile, dearie—I really did—yes, cried. Well, after all my labor I thought I should be repaid, because when I added the cream it looked simply sweet. I stood over it and watched it fondly. Then I called Louisa to come close. 'See, Louisa,' I cried, 'after all my work I do really believe it is delicious. Taste it and give me your verdict.' Norman, she tasted it and smacked her lips. 'Is it not good?' I cried exultantly. 'Fine, ma'm, fine,' she answered. 'It tastes just exactly like gruel we used to have nights on the farm.' Gruel! Norman, do you hear? Fancy, gruel! I dropped the spoon and sat down and cried. After all my work—gruel. Oh, it was awful! Just then dear old Maud appeared at the door. 'I've escaped un-noticed,' she whispered. 'Edith Archer is singing the Gold Fish song from Geisha, and I quietly slipped out to see if there had been a catastrophe.'

"Norman, dear, I was in despair. I looked up and in a choking voice said, 'Have some gruel, Maud. How will it do for first course?' She looked from me to Louisa, and from Louisa to the cook, and proceeded to taste.

"Why it's delicious, dearie," she said. 'Delicious, goose; add a pinch of salt.' Then, turning majestically to cook as though they had been imposing upon an infant: 'Get the soup-tureen at once—or shall you use the chafing-dish?' turning to me. O, Norman, trials never ending. Cook took of a girl! Yes, dear, don't look surprised—she is a fool. She had put the silver soup-tureen, with the dainty spindle feet, the one Aunt Margaret sent us from Boston—she had put it in the hot, hot oven an hour before—perhaps weeks, years before, for all she knew

madame, your soup—it was most excellent! Where, so late in spring, did you procure so fresh a celery flavor?"

"I did not perceive, Norman, the 'so pure and fresh a celery flavor.' Maud ventured to wink at me, but stopped it half way for fear of detection."

So ended the first course.

ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

The Vision.

(Approach the Magnolia in bloom in College street, Toronto, May 7, '99.)

Magnolia, south'm tree whose fragrant fame Wins charm for those far lands of flower and shine.

Thou stand'st, as exiles do, which sorely pine For their familiar skies and home's acclaim: Refrain not thy fall mood, nor fear the shame Which unresponsive souls may thee assign: Burn on, each silver light, till thou resign The utmost incense of thy altar-fire.

O once each year the birds return again, Heirs of the prophet's word through winter chill;

And each successive cycle decks the plain With wilding blooms our gladdened eyes to fill;

Great thanks, O Beauty dear, through dolorous ill Our hearts leap up, once we the vision gain.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

The Period of Paradox.

I would seem that the psychological moment which is possible for peoples as well as persons has arrived. The moment when the complex issues of which

the fabric of life is woven are strained and twisted, knotted and intertwined to the making of a new pattern. From time to time the way of the world has taken a new course, cutting a channel for itself through the prejudices of the past, and merging at length into the calm of usage and wont, to rest thus in a period of tranquillity till the Spirit of the Times stirred, and again, by a troublous transition, the mood of the world changed. But in most, nay, all, of these transmutations from phase to phase the trend of progress was plain, and in a sense limited; moreover, the resistance to be overcome was positive and expressive only of the unit of conservatism. But now! Having thrown off the lassitude of spirit which have become prematurely endured with the restlessness and impatience of the children of a new siècle. Surely in looking back upon the sage, a few decades hence, will say we are as those who "ne, sait pas ce qu'on veut."

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Rushin' the Season.

You kin bet I've had some pleasure,
You could never, never measure,
An' I'm feelin' what my brother calls
"O K."

Tho' ma didn't know I did it
(If she knew it she'd forbid it).
Yet, I had my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day!

In the spring-time I was hatin'
To give up my dandy skatin'.
An' my rubber boots an' hockey-stick
an' sleigh;
But I realize my folly.
An' at school I'm actin' jolly.
For I took my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day.

Bikes are passin' ev'ry minute,
An' the riders think they're in it,
An' they think that they are feelin'
awful say,
But I bet a silver dollar,
For a mile they heard me hoiler,
When I took my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day.

In the races I'm a winner,
Why, I run like any sinner,
They kin never ketch me playin' pull-
away,
An' my feet is feelin' lighter,
An' my head is feelin' brighter,
'Cuz I took my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day.

Et a bully, purty scrappy,
Makes my recess most unhappy.
I kin sass him an' kin quickly run
away,
I kin call him "guy" or "nigger,"
He can't ketch me, tho' he's bigger,
For he has his shoes an' stockin's on
to-day.

But I tell you, in conclusion,
There will be a slight confusion,
Et a likin' mars the pleasures of the
day,
An' I fear that I'll be rattled,
'Cuz at noon my sister tattled,
That I had my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day!

—JOSEPH A. McGUIRE.
Wendell, May, '99.

Anecdotal.

The Countess of Beaconsfield once confided to a friend that Disraeli, while possessing the greatest moral courage, was altogether lacking in physical courage. "As an instance," she said, "I always have to pull the string of the shower-bath for him."

The story is so good that of course it isn't true, but it runs to the effect that "Mr. Dooley" (Peter Dunne) met Richard Harding Davis in Chicago several weeks ago. "Do you know," said Mr. Davis, "that from reading your works I expected to see a big, brawny, red-faced Irishman, with red chin whiskers?" "Strange!" replied Dunne. "My expectation, based upon reading your books, was to find you dressed in a pink shirt waist."

A good story is told by Col. "Teddy" Roosevelt, in Scribner's for May. He says: "One day we were visited by a traveling Russian, Prince X., a large, blonde man, smooth and impenetrable. I introduced him to one

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of the regular army officers, a capital fighter and excellent fellow, who, however, viewed foreign international politics from a strictly trans-Mississippi standpoint. He hailed the Russian with frank kindness and took him off to show him around the trenches, chatting volubly, and calling him 'Prince,' much as Kentuckians call one another 'Colonel.' As I returned I heard him remarking: 'You see, Prince, the great result of this war is that it has united the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people; and now that they are together they can whip the world!'—being evidently filled with the pleasing belief that the Russian would cordially sympathize with this view."

Light-Fingered Folks.

A Flashlight. A Love Story. The Life We Might Live.

HE bicycle stealing industry has received so many checks that it is a wonder it flourishes as heartily as it does. It makes an easy

appeal to the person whose far-sightedness does not go beyond his nose, and whose financial position is embarrassed. If you find yourself in the condition known as strapped, hire a good bicycle, ride to the next town and sell it for what you can get. You may enlarge upon this idea, and accumulate a variety of wheels, change the parts about and defy the police to identify the wheel. But again, every day the grist of bicycle thieves falls into the mill of the law, and is ground exceeding small. So many persons are determined one shall be honest. It is really tiresome of them, but one can even up on umbrellas, always. The umbrella thief is the kingpin of the structure. The other day I was caught in the rain. A man loaned me an umbrella. "Take good care of it," he cautioned. "I hooked it from my wife this morning." I am taking good care of it, for his wife or some other man's hooked it from me, in the dim past, and one doesn't often have luck like this!

The bride was going up the aisle, escorted by a medley of bridesmaids, ushers, tulle and flowers. She raised her eyes, as she passed a group of stargazers, and met "his" gaze, dark with pain, sternly suppressed but living and rending him. At that instant knowledge came to her which somehow she had hitherto densely evaded. It sent the blood to her heart and left her white as the roses which trembled in her hand, shaken by a breath of sudden comprehension. While she vowed honestly to love, honor and obey the bridegroom, she saw neither priest nor ring, only those eyes, dark with pain, steady with resolve, through which the soul confessed the secret the mortal would have hidden. When she returned, a wife, she looked at him again, and could not credit the change in his face. He took her timid hand firmly. "Long life and happiness," he said bravely. She, woman-like, wanted further information. "May I return your good wishes?" she asked gently. "You must, indeed," he laughed. "For good wishes from a bride should surely be potent against all ills." Her face flushed; it had a foretime gone pale for the sake of "What a humbug you are!" she said quickly. "Yes," he agreed. "It is easier than being sincere, my friend."

"I couldn't button it and breathe," said the woman who has been laying on flesh, through having too easy a conscience. (What a pity it is that one cannot be lazy and remain ethereal after forty!) "So, I rushed to the telephone to give my dressmaker a sound scolding, and would you credit it, my sleeves were so tight I couldn't bend my arm to hold the thing up to my ear!" I think that dressmaker was a born genius.

That the world loves a lover may be proved by the sale of Conan Doyle's new book, "A Duet." Anything more refreshing and idyllic than this new-old story has not come my way in such a long while! To anyone who asks, Has love gone out of fashion? one can point to the first chapters of it; and whether marriage, given its fair chance, could possibly be a failure, will be doubted when one gets deeper into the lives of these two idiotic, unpractical and utterly delightful persons. There are all the materials for quarrels, miseries, separations and even a divorce in it, and yet no hint of any such, because love evades the bad and achieves the good, in the hearts of these dear people. The episode of the Violet woman, whose name indeed might be Scarlet, and not refute Scripture, is subtly employed to teach a bright and inspiring fact—that love and confidence in each other arm both husband and wife against temptation and resentment. The half-humorous, half-serious baby-coming makes one laugh with one eye and gather tears in the other. At once so naïf and so deep is the simple tale. The Toronto edition has just been issued by George Morang.

One of Toronto's most sensible and forceful women met me in a busy street to-day and stopped my race to the imperial dressmaker, who rules us at this season. "I like what you wrote last week about death," said she. "It's a load on so many, that fear, without a real cause." We stood in the hurrying crowd (it was on To-



"Something terrible must have happened to the Mueller family lately. Every one of them is bandaged up."
"Ach well, nothing has happened except that the eldest daughter has been attending the lectures on What to do in Case of Accidents—and she practices on the family in general."
—Fliegende Blätter.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Irene Hesse.—You are steadfast and reliable, with some culture, much idealism, discretion, but not reserve. You have pride and energy, and when you fix your mind on any project or task you are sure to do it well. What you need most, however, is concentration and a gathering up and sorting of your ideas. At present they don't run consecutively nor hang well together. It is the material for a very fine building, Irene.

One More.—Pencil studies are not suitable for delineation. As to your own study, it shows a good deal of power and courage, independent ideas, some crudeness of thought, love of social intercourse, and dependence of interchange of sentiments and opinions. Writing is not buoyant, but as illness of a year is mentioned, this may be the result of such illness, and not the natural trait. 2. You crossed right, but it is rather an open secret. 3. About your sidebar scarf: There is nothing nicer than drawn work on fair linen. If you are decked with your scarf, you may work a handsome monogram on one end of the scarf, and embroidery in a narrow design inside the border. Don't have anything but white unless a cream or light beige tint corresponds with the dining-room paper and furniture.

Terminal City.—A pleasant, careful and delicate person, hopeful, cheerful and happy-tempered. Would not fret at life, but take it easily, though no business is shown—rather good business capacity and, withal, a pleasant appreciation of beauty in every shape. Writer is adaptable, affectionate, likes comfort, but could patiently endure privations; is very neat and systematic, and a reliable person in business.

Helen.—Very few cases of gripe are funny, but, strange to say, I saw one to-day. It developed very swift and sudden sneezes—at the telephone, in church, anywhere that a sneeze wasn't wanted, the poor "Grippy" shouted out a pronounced variety. It isn't necessary to have gripe if you are careful and determined. You are generous, honest and forceful, determined and dashing; practical, a little bit self-seeking, which is a trait often seen in otherwise quivering natures. You'll fight for a friend to get a place—if there are two places, and you have one!

Honey.—I. So does the sister, and she has achieved great success, and she also graduated at a New York Hospital. Perhaps they may have studied together! 2. You are a sturdy and independent thinker, inclined to emphatic opinions and averse to being influenced. This does not imply any disagreeable traits, in this instance, writer being rather easy to get on with and as bright as she is positive. The disposition is unsentimental and the temperament even; just a touch of wilfulness is always noticeable. The ideas have good sequence and the logic might easily be convincing. It is a good,

Always the Same

MONSIEUR

INDO-CEYLON TEA

strong character all round.

Sunrise.—Self-consciousness looks out of every line; but it is a receptive, pleasant, good-natured study, and simply incapable of harshness in word or deed. The writer is frank and sometimes blunt in speech, original in method, capable of true affection, undiplomatic and impatient of double-dealing; not much self-loge, but earnest and truthful. Likes to dominate, and is able to.

Sunset.—Just as different are your dispositions as your names. I think the bear has four legs. His nasal protuberance is usually called a snout, I fancy. You are sharp in judgment, quick to criticize, a bit hasty in temper and inclined to impatience; original method and a good deal of nervous force are yours. You could stand a good deal of petting and are (emotionally) very responsive. Your sequence of ideas is good, your ambition in life, strong, and yet unsatisfied. You can take the best of care of number one.

An Ordinary Canadian Girl.—A bit set in your own way; very quick to perceive and accurate in memory, a bit narrow, pleasantly susceptible, sharp in criticism and refined in taste. You are serious, you seriously interfere with your practical views of life. Good sequence of ideas and even judgment are shown. Lady-like and self-respecting are your impulses, and your country may be proud of you. It is quite inevitable that a girl of your make should be ill at ease among the slow-going English. You are the true, wiry-minded, double-springed, cold country Colonial.

Min.—It is not your fault if you are born in August. It is your great privilege, for no month gives its children a greater chance to fight the good fight and win great victories. Oh, the hot, impulsive August people, the sleek, contented, lazy August people! I fancy from your letter that you would rather purr than claw. It is a very bright and attractive hand, discreet and plausible, good-tempered and self-reliant, but not self-assured, conservative enough to cling to good old things and adaptable enough to welcome good new ones. Writer has ideals and has ambitions; skill to carry them out, observation and sense of humor are shown; writer could go slapdash at a difficult task, though, being thought over, she would find impossible. A fine control and system show in her lines, and also a graciousness which is very attractive. "Adding to my troubles," dear Leo? By no means; you are quite a pleasure. Could you by any possibility have been born late in August?

Sandalwood.—Is this a quotation? Trusting to the honor of my correspondent, and hoping rules have been observed, I will give some of the traits evidenced. The writer is refined, conservative, very careful and conscientious in work, inclined to pessimistic views and apt to be dominated; some ambition and wish to rise shows, with a dominant nature and a somewhat sensitive one. Very careful and consecutive thought, affection, entirely intellectual force, and some tendency to dogmatize. The writing of a lady and a cultured one.

Snow-Bird.—Summer has almost come, a rainy May day to the contrary notwithstanding. I am glad you enjoy the Saturday Night. Your writing shows a good deal of quiet force and some reserve. I don't think you'd do many foolish things. You think sensibly and take pains over details; cheerfulness and even temper, social instincts and some taste show in your carefully penned lines. Practical work should be yours, not merely ornamental. You will change a good deal with time, I think.

Babble.—With all my heart; though, as I have not yet had time to enjoy country rides, I don't know how the roads may be. A lovely ride of several miles is out to the Country and Hunt Club, where a member of the Club must introduce you. This is east to the Woodbine, then north over the hill and to the end of the car tracks. Another ride is through the Rosedale Ravine, and out at Winchester street, up through the Riverside Park and back to the city. Yet another, over the Gerrard street bridge, past the Jail east and north on the avenue to Todmorden. A beautiful ride out Bathurst street past the convalescent hospital at Hillcrest, and north to Eglinton avenue, then

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east to Yonge street and home by Yonge. The College street route to High Park, down through the Park, and home by Queen street, is another. And out to Mimico Industrial Schools, via the Lake Shore, is a fourteen mile ride (there and back) which I used to enjoy very much. Hope some of these will suit you. Your delineation next week.

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131 and

The Mural Decoration in the New City Hall.



WO seasons ago G. A. Reid, R.C.A., President of the Ontario Society of Artists, offered to decorate, gratuitously, some spaces in the City Hall, to afford our citizens an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits of good modern decoration. During these two seasons he has labored assiduously at his work, entirely at his own expense. He had qualified himself previously by a lifetime of art study, and by special attention to mural decoration wherever meritorious work was to be found. The art of Puvion de Chavannes appealed most to him, a fact of itself sufficient to establish his claim to being an artist. These productions, and the works of others as well, he has studied carefully, at Boston, in Paris, at Amiens (where he could best see the stages of the great artists' developments), and wherever he found worthy decoration. Those who are familiar with his art expression know that it abounds in qualities distinctively decorative. Moreover, his intellectual acquisitions—a necessity of scholarly decoration—qualify him for producing a high grade of art conceptions. A mural decorator must be informed and cultured in heart and mind. The Guild of Civic Art has encouraged Mr. Reid, watched carefully the progress of the work, criticized it, you may be sure, and it goes to the city with their entire approval. As the Guild consists of a number of our citizens, who are more or less art connoisseurs, this fact may reconcile minor critics to apparent deficiencies they may think they discern. Mr. Reid is courageous, with a courage born of the conviction of the merits of his cause, and more or less faith in the intelligence of the citizens as well as a justifiable conception of his own powers.

Now what are some of the qualifications of a successful mural decoration? Well, in the first place it is not an easel painting on a large scale, painted without reference either in technical treatment or subject, to its future destination. Its essential essence is in its fitness for its surroundings, we prefer to think both in aesthetic effect and in "literary interest," although some impressionistic critics would have us believe that its aesthetic value is its only value. It should not be so abstract as to be beyond the ordinary comprehension; it should not require much verbal explanation; it must not force itself upon the attention of the viewer as though it, and not the object it beautifies, were the main consideration. If it gives any other impression than that (if it be on a wall) of a flat surface, then it helps to perpetuate an architectural falsehood. Usually our architects are capable of supplying anything called for in that line, often, no doubt, by sheer force of limitations of diverse kinds. It will harmonize in color scheme and lines with its setting. It will successfully cover its space with a well-balanced composition. It must of necessity be light in weight—if I may use the term weight—so as to appear to rest easily on its surface, not to leave one in doubt as to the ability of the wall to bear its masses, as many decorations in Paris and elsewhere do. Its composition, no matter how prolonged, must present unity. These are some of the essentials of good mural decoration.

We admire the selection of the subjects for this decoration, because we deem them best suited to our stage of national life. Idealism might have been given, but in this colony we have had to deal mainly so far with hard facts. The subjects treat of the pioneer work, which made a City Hall a

possibility, and present typical illustrations of it. Tested by the laws given above, and others you will think of, it will not be difficult to decide whether or not it is a meritorious work. From its close proximity to the undecorated panels, you have full liberty to compare it with the undecorated white, or with what, under ordinary circumstances, you would likely see there.

On the margin of the dense forest, not too dense to prevent the feeling of pulsating atmosphere throughout, and the view of light beyond, stand the pioneers, equipped for work. They mean to take in hand this mighty forest, which the Indian has regarded as his, but whose possibilities for subsistence have never entered his simple mind, and to make it their servant. It is the triumph of mind over matter. Amazed, perplexed, the Indian, behind, views the operations. How pathetic is this touch in the composition! how charged with history! What courage, what endurance, what self-respecting independence, what energy, is suggested in the whole subject. All that goes to make good citizens and therefore a prosperous community is here. The artist did well to introduce a woman—and a baby, too. The pioneer fathers did much, but what of the pioneer mothers, who endured loneliness, hardship, terror, and sent their sons and daughters, well equipped for life in mind and body, to make this new world what it has become.

As a suitable subject it seems to us beyond criticism. It is composed with a view to its continuation in thought, and future decorators will necessarily have due regard to this.

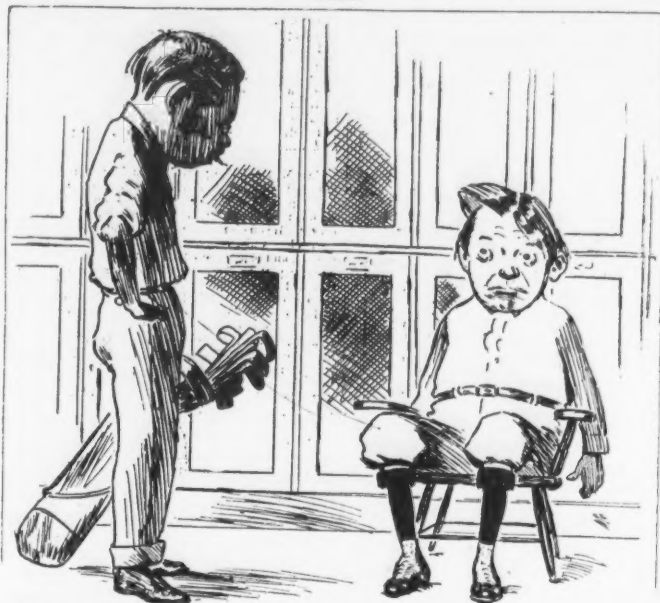
It may be well to point out a few of its good points as a work of art. A decorator is necessarily limited in many ways. All will recognize this.

It is a delightful "tone-composition," subdued and harmonious throughout, and well balanced in its groups of three in one panel and two in the other. The dove color and the yellowish in the marble find their harmonies in it. It is kept flat by the border, which assists this effect materially, by the use of large masses of color, by the generalization of all forms, eliminating insistent minute details, and by the avoidance of sharp contrasts of light and shade. Its aerial perspective is delicious. There is nothing pronounced in it. No portraiture is intended, no realistic rendering is attempted. We shall probably not recognize any of our ancestors. It is not necessary that we should. Perhaps they would not want to recognize some of us. To make these figures stand out in realistic distinctness is to constitute them part of the living personages in the City Hall. Please do not forget, we say it again, that this is a wall—an artistic wall, a decorated wall, but a wall—not a portrait exhibition, not a group of living individuals.

The conventional figures in the arches, typifying our commercial and educational development, are, of course, suited to the structure and the space they are meant to fill. The colors are more brilliant, the figures graceful and well poised, the lines of the drapery free and beautiful.

And now what is the conclusion of the matter? That the City Hall may well say "Thank you" to Mr. Reid; that it may be convinced of the valuable addition—or rather the necessity of the finish of decoration, in our new Hall; that builders generally, especially of public buildings, should in their plans arrange for the completion of their structure, and think of its decoration; that a greater effort should be put forth to call out the genius of our artists, for if we do not call it into use, other peoples will, and we will be left to our darkness and our whitewashers; that the cultivation of municipal art is by a long way the quickest, safest way to pre-empt society with art feeling, and for teaching people generally, and bringing up a self-respecting community, there is nothing to be compared to it except the pulpit, not even the newspapers; that unless our civic authorities wish this village to be classed amongst the "way-backs," avoided and shunned by all progressive travellers, they will—as the boys say—"get a move on" and raise us to at least the standard of a second-rate town, by creating a few objects in it of interest to others than sports. We cannot all be sports,

The Symptoms. Bazar.



The Standing One—What was it, Doc?—a foursome? The Sitting One—Well, from the way I feel, it must have been a tiresome.

however much we might wish to. There should be provision for the entertainment of those unfortunate enough to possess intellect, at least for their education. That travel will show us how far behind in art culture we are if we see when we are travelling.

Sketching in the open air is again possible we are rejoiced to think. F. McGillivray Knowles intends conducting a class all summer, all amateurs should be glad to know.

The Woman's Art Association commenced to-day and will also probably continue all summer. Miss M. Cary McConnell will also take out her pupils and any who wish to join them.

JEAN GRANT.

A GREAT VICTORY

After a Short, but Hot and Decisive Contest.

The Enemy Driven Out—Dodd's Kidney Pills the Victory—Mr. Gillean Tested Them, and They Proved True and Strident Friends.

Amherstburg, Ont., May 8.—Jas. R. Gillean, proprietor of the Lakeview Hotel, here, is one of the happiest men in town. For some years past, he has been in very poor health, and was a great sufferer from Kidney Disease.

In spite of all that medical skill, and numerous remedies could do, Mr. Gillean grew gradually worse. His sufferings increased, and there seemed to be no hope of curing the disease.

One day a friend called to see him, and advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, telling him they had cured a number of cases, of which he knew, and which were all worse than Mr. Gillean's. The latter procured a box, and so much good did it do him, that he bought three more. These cured him completely, and he is now obliged to hold quite a reception, every day, so many friends call to congratulate him on his happy recovery.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are astonishing the medical fraternity daily, by their marvellous success in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Urinary Troubles, Female Complaints, Blood Impurities, and all other Kidney Diseases. Many physicians in this district prescribe them in their practice, always with the best results.

Kidney Diseases cannot resist the action of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are the only cure on earth for such diseases.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Books and Shop Talk.

IN the London Outlook and probably in some of the other English papers that profess an interest in literature and politics, appear letters signed by S. E. Dawson, Ltd., F.R.S.C., William D. Le Sueur, and Duncan C. Scott, announcing that a volume of Archibald Lampman's verse will be published forthwith for the benefit of the late poet's widow. This is to be done in such a way as to secure to Mrs. Lampman the entire proceeds without deduction or discount of any kind. Interested persons are therefore asked to subscribe for the work, which will be edited by Duncan C. Scott and will sell for \$2.25. Mr. Scott was Mr. Lampman's most intimate friend.

Mr. T. Arnold Haultain has had published in London a little fly-leaf entitled "Canadian Copyright," by a "Canadian Author," in which he sharply criticizes the motion passed by the Canadian Society of Authors on March 13th re copyright. Without concurring in Mr. Haultain's views in regard to Canadian copyright, I must say that he takes the ground that an author might reasonably take, while the Authors' Society appears to have had no other object in striving towards existence than to harness itself to the wagon to help a publisher up the hill with his copyright difficulties. Mr. Haultain argues that the proposal of the Society if carried out would not benefit the author, or the reader, but only the publisher, and asks "Why

should the Canadian author battle so strenuously for his benefit?"

In the May number of the Canadian Magazine appeared an excellent piece of verse by Mr. Franklin Gadsby entitled "The King's Flagon." Mr. Gadsby has published many dainty bits of verse in Saturday Night and the Evening Star, and I think that something decidedly worth while may be expected from him soon, as none of our local writers shows better craftsmanship in verse and prose.

Mr. John A. Cooper, secretary of the Canadian Press Association, is this week sending out a circular to members of the Association, announcing the arrangements made for the proposed excursion to British Columbia in August. I understand that those editors who may not have time to take in the entire trip are offered the chance of going as far as Winnipeg and back. This will probably be the most important excursion of Canadian newspaper men yet held.

One of the best pieces of newspaper verse written for a long time was that poem by Edwin Markham on Miller's painting, "The Man with the Hoe," which was published in this paper last week. It appeared originally in the San Francisco Examiner in January, the famous painting being on exhibition in that city at the time. In McClure's for May, the poem is published together with a reproduction of the painting. In conjunction they are very impressive.

A Peer on the Stage.

The Earl of Rosslyn, the English peer who made something of a sensation in London about a year ago by adopting the stage as a profession, has been engaged by Charles Frohman to appear in His Excellency the Governor at the New York Lyceum Theater next month. When the earl made his first appearance in Trelawny of the Wells, at the Court Theater, he was very well spoken of as an actor, and later he was seen at the same house in His Excellency the Governor, in the role of Captain Rivers, the same part he will play in New York. His engagement with Mr. Frohman is for four years. Lord Rosslyn, who is a brother of the Duchess of Sutherland and of the Countess of Westmoreland and a half-brother of the Countess of Warwick, was once prominent as a race-horse owner. Later, he found that he would have to earn his living, so he tried clerking at ten dollars a week. That did not quite suit his taste, so he went on the stage. On the London play-bills he figures simply as plain James Erskine.

His First Story.

HE was just from college and had secured a place on the editorial staff of a morning newspaper. His first assignment was over on the West Side to report a fire. He wrote it up in grand style, making a half column article of it, beginning thus: "Suddenly on the still night air rang

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the shrill cry of fire, and simultaneously the devouring tongue of flame, whose light as it played along the roof's edge had caught the eagle eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful, but fierce and angry, in its consuming greed. Like glowing, snaky demons, the lurid links entwined the doomed building, in venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous vapor, the deadly, suffocating breath of an imprisoned fiend," etc.

Next morning the embryo journalist was up early to see how his brilliant effort looked in print, and this is what he read:

"Mike Mahony's grocery, on Desplaines street, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss, \$200; no insurance."—Chicago News.

"So old Yabsley is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?" "Yes. It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."—Ex.

Sweet sixteen—And do you have to expect students often? College Prex—Oh, no! Once is usually sufficient.—Ex.

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail. Tommy—I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it.—Tit-Bits.

Angry soubrette—I understand you have been telling everybody my hair is not my own. Her hated rival—It's false!—Life.

Mallaby—Bragleigh boasts that no living man could forge his name successfully to a cheque and get it cashed. Has he such a very peculiar signature? Homans—No; but he hasn't any money in the bank.—Tit-Bits.

Bloodlessness or Anæmia

Paleness of face, lips and tongue, cold hands and feet, nervousness and irritability, depressed and despondent feelings, are unmistakable indications of Anæmia. That is to say, there are not enough red corpuscles in the blood to nourish the body.

Anæmia is caused by excessive work or worry, excitement of emotions, or a drain on the system. In the anæmic condition women are sure to suffer from nervousness, irritability, female irregularities and leucorrhæa, sick headaches and backaches, and are predisposed to lung troubles, fever and cancer.

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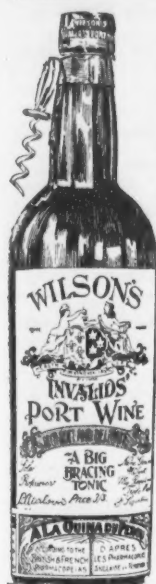
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Our Piano, standing as it does to-day in the search-light of modern criticism, has stood the test with credit to itself and its makers. A careful inspection of our instruments will satisfy and convince you that this is right. Call or write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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J. LYNE WILKINSON, Extra Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London:
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Social and Personal.

St. James' cathedral attracted a fashionable gathering on Wednesday to witness the marriage of Miss May Todd, daughter of the late Mr. Thornton Todd, to Mr. Chas. Edgar Byron, R.N., secretary to Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, K.C.B. The ceremony was performed by Bishop DuMoulin. The groom entered the church with the groomsmen, Mr. Frank Payne, and the bride was led in by her brother-in-law, Mr. Le Mesurier. The attendants of the bride were her sister, Miss Andreine Todd, and the Misses Frou Le Mesurier and Muriel Strathy. The ushers were Mr. E. Kelly Evans and Mr. Bedford-Jones. The bridal service was fully choral, fourteen boy choristers preceding the bridal party up the aisle singing the hymn The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden. As the bride and groom went up to the altar rail the Deas Misereatur was sung, and before the blessing was given the beautiful hymn O Perfect Love was rendered with fine effect by the boy choristers. Before the ceremony Dr. Albert Ham gave on the organ Cantilene Nuptiale (Dubois), the Bridal March (Creser) and the bridal march from Lohengrin, and as the bridal party left the cathedral Dr. Ham played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The ceremony was a brilliant one in every detail, and the costumes of the bride and her attendants very beautiful. A reception followed at the residence of the bride's mother in Spadina road, and Mr. and Mrs. Byron left the same evening for a tour of the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Van Norman of 282 Carlton street will not occupy their summer residence at Lake Simcoe—The Cedars—this season. Mrs. Van Norman, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Estelle, and her youngest son, Master Clarence, sails to-day for England, and intends remaining in Great Britain and on the Continent until the end of September.

The ladies of Loretto Abbey will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary on June 13, 14, and 15 at their new music hall in Wellington place. The jubilee will consist of a grand musical festival, with Mr. E. W. Schuch as musical director, and will be under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, His Honor the Lieut. Governor and Miss Mowat, and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Among the lady patronesses will be: Mrs. Law, Mrs. Scales, Mrs. O'Keefe, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. King Dodds, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Lang, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Plunkett, and others.

Mrs. Alfred Denison went to Ottawa last week for a few days.

A jolly fishing party to Muskoka are putting in a healthy and lazy fortnight. Legal lights and good fellows every one.

Mrs. Dymond of 430 Markham street entertained the German Conversation Club on last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Pearson and her daughter, Miss Pearson, are on a visit to Mrs. George Tuck, Mance street, Montreal.

The Pantechnetha Retiring From Business.

On account of the entrance of Mr. Watson McClain, for the past eleven years manager of the Pantechnetha, into the firm of Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., the entire stock of the Pantechnetha has to be immediately disposed of. The store will be closed at once for a few days in order to mark down the prices of the entire stock of fine china, art pottery, lamps, etc. A reference to the advertisement of this firm shows that the lease has been disposed of, and consequently the entire stock must be sold at once, and to accomplish this as speedily as possible, prices will be cut in two.

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MISS MARGARET HUSTON and
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Toronto Chamber Music Association
Concert Spiering String Quartet (of Chicago)
By
Vocalist—**MRS. JULIE WYMAN**
Association Hall, Tuesday, May 16, 8 o'clock
Subscribers' list and tickets at Tyrrell's Book Store, 8 King Street West.

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Racing and Steeplechasing.
Six Races Daily.

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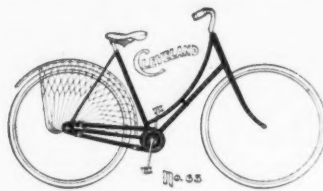
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Free Lessons in Silk Work Messrs. Hemmingsway & Sons, the largest manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 25 Bay Street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices.
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